POEMS.

BY

J. C.

With Additions.

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BRITISH MUSEUM

TO THE STATE of LOVE,

OR,

The Senſes Feſtival.

I Saw a Viſion yeſternight
Enough to tempt a *Seekers* ſight:
I wiſht my ſelf a *Shaker* there,
And her quick pulſe my trembling ſphear.
It was a She ſo glittering bright:
You'd think her ſoul an *Adamite*.
A perſon of ſo rare a frame,
Her body might be lin'd with'ſame.
Beauties chiefeſt Maid of Honour:
You'd break a Lent with looking on her.
Not the fair Abbeſs of the skies,
With all her Nunnery of eyes,
Can ſhew me ſuch a glorious prize.
And yet, becauſe 't is more renown
To make a ſhadow ſhine, ſhe's brown;
A brown, for which, Heaven would disband
The Gallaxye, and ſtars be tann'd.
Brown by reflection, as her eye
Dazels the Summers livery.

Old dormant windows muſt confeſs,
Her beams their glimmering ſpectacles;
Struck with the ſplendour of her face,
Do th'office of a burning glaſs.
Now, where ſuch radiant lights have ſhown,
No wonder if her cheeks be grown
Sun-burnt with luſtre of her own.
My ſight took pay, but (thank my charms)
I now empale her in mine arms,
(Loves Compaſſes) confining you
Good Angels, to a Compaſs too.
Is not the Univerſe ſtrait-lac't,
When I can claſp it in the Waſte?
My amorous foulds about thee hurl'd,
With *Drake*, I compaſs in the world.
I hoop the Firmament, and make;
This my Embrace the Zodiack.
How would thy Center take my Senſe,
When Admiration doth commenſe,
At the extream Circumference.
Now to the melting kiſs that ſips
The jelly'd Philtre of her lips
So ſweet, there is no tongue can phras't,
Till tranſubſtantiate with a taſte,
Inſpir'd like *Mahomet* from above.
By th'billing of my heav'nly Dove;
Love prints her Signets in her ſmacks,
Thoſe Ruddy drops of ſqueezing wax;
Which, whereſoever ſhe imparts,
They 're Privie Seals to take up hearts.

Our

Our mouths encountering at the ſport,
My ſlippery ſoul had quit the fort,
But that ſhe ſtopt the Salley-port.
Next to thoſe ſweets her lips diſpence,
As Twin-conſerves of Eloquence;
The ſweet perfume her breath affords;
Incorporating with her words;
No Roſary this Votreſs needs,
Her very ſyllables are beads.
No ſooner 'twixt thoſe Rubies born:
But Jewels are in Ear-rings worn.
With what delight her ſpeech doth enter,
It is a kiſs oth' ſecond venter.
And I diſſolve at what I hear,
As if another *Roſomond* were
Couch'd in the Labyrinth of my Ear.
Yet, that 's but a preludious bliſs;
Two ſouls pickearing in a kiſs.
Embraces do but draw the Line,
'Tis ſtorming that muſt take her in.
When bodies whine, and victory hovers
'Twixt the equal fluttering Lovers.
This is the game, make ſtakes my Dear,
Hark how the ſprightly *Chanticlere*,
That Baron *Tell-clack* of the night,
Sounds *Boot-ſel* to *Cupids* knight.
Then have at all, the paſs is got,
For coming off, oh name it not:
VVho would not die upon the ſpot.

THE HECATOMB TO HIS MISTRESSE.

BE dumb ye beggers of the rhiming trade,
Geld the looſe wits, and let the Muſe be ſplaid.
Charge not the pariſh with the baſtard phraſe
Of Balm, Elixar, both the Indias,
Of ſhrine, ſaint, ſacriledge, and ſuch as theſe
Expreſſions, common as their Miſtreſſes.
Hence ye fantaſtick Poſtillers in ſong,
My text defeats your art, ties natures tongue,
Scorns all his tinſil'd metaphors of pelf,
Illuſtrated by nothing but his ſelf.
As Spiders travel by their bowels ſpun
Into a thread, and when the race is run,
Wind up their journey in a living clew,
So is it with my Poetry and you.
From your own eſſence muſt I firſt untwine,
Then twiſt again each Panegyrick line.
Reach then a ſoaring Quill that I may write,
As with a Jacobs ſtaff to take the height.
Suppoſe an Angel darting through the air,
Should there encounter a religious prayer
Mounting to Heaven, that Intelligence
Should for a Sunday-ſuit thy breath condenſe

Into

Into a body. Let me crack a ſtring
In ventring higher; were the note I ſing
Above heavens *Ela*, ſhould I undecline,
And with a deep-mouth'd *Gammut* ſound agen
From pole to pole, I could not reach her worth,
Nor find an Epithet to ſet it forth.
Mettals may blazon common beauties. She
Makes pearl and planets humble herauldy.
As then a purer ſubſtance is defin'd,
But by an heap of Negatives combin'd;
Ask what a ſpirit is, you 'l hear them cry
It hath no matter, no mortality,
So can I not define how ſweet, how fair,
Onely I ſay ſhe's not as others are.
For what perfections we to others grant,
It is her ſole perfection to want.
All other forms ſeem in reſpect of thee
The Almanacks miſshap'd Anatomy.
Where *Aries*, head and face; *Bull*, neck and throat;
The *Scorpion* gives the ſecrets; knees, the *Goat*:
A brief of limbs foul as thoſe beaſts, or are
Their name-ſak'd ſigns in their ſtrange character.
As the Philoſophers to every Sence
Marry its object, yet with ſome diſpence,
And grant them a polygamie withal,
And theſe their *common Senſibles* they call:
So is't with her, who ſtinted unto none,
Unites all Sences in each action.
The ſame beam heats and lights; to ſee her well,
Is both to hear and feel, to taſte and ſmell.

For

For can you want a palate in your eyes,
When each of his contains a double prize,
Venus his apple? can th' eyes want noſe,
When from each cheek buds forth a fragrant Roſe?
Or can the ſight be deaf, if ſhe but ſpeak,
A well-tun'd face ſuch moving Rhetorick?
Doth not each look a flaſh of light'ning feel
Which ſpare the bodies ſheath, and melts the ſteel?
Thy ſoul muſt needs confeſs, or grant thy ſence
Corrupted with the objects excellence.
Sweet Magick, which can make five ſences lye
Conjur'd within the circle of an eye.
In whom ſince all the Five are intermixt,
Oh now that *Scaliger* would prove his fixt.
Thou man of mouth, that canſt not name a She
Unleſs all nature pay a Subſidie,
Whoſe language is a Tax, whoſe Musk-cat verſe
Voids nought but flowers for thy Muſes herſe,
Fitter than *Celia's* looks, who in a trice
Canſt ſtate the long diſputed Paradice:
And with Divines hunt with ſo cold a ſent,
Canſt in her boſom find it reſident.
Now come aloft, come, come and breath a vein,
And give ſome vent unto thy daring ſtrain.
Say the Aſtrologer, who ſpells the Stars,
In that fair Alphabet reads Peace and Wars,
Miſtakes his Globe, and in her brighter eye
Interprets Heavens phyſiognomy.
Call her the Metaphyſicks of her Sex,
And ſay ſhe tortures wits, as *Quartans* vex

Phy-

Phyſitians call her the *Square Circle*, ſay
She is the very rule of *Algebra*.
What ere you undertake not, ſay 't of her,
For that 's the way to write her Character.
Say this and more, and when thou hop'ſt to raiſe
Thy fanſie ſo as to incloſe her praiſe,
Alas poor *Gotham* with thy Coocko hedge,
Hyperboles are here but ſacriledge.
Then rouſe up Muſe, what thou haſt reveal'd out
Some comments clear not, but increaſe the doubt.
She that affords poor mortals not a glance
Of knowledge, but is known by ignorance,
She that commits a rape on every ſence,
Whoſe breath can countermand a peſtilence,
She that can ſtrike the beſt invention dead,
Till baſled Poetry hangs down her head,
She, ſhe it is, She that contains all bliſs,
And make the world but her Periphraſis.

UPON
Sir THOMAS MARTIN,
Who ſubſcribed a Warrant thus:

We the Knights and Gentlemen of the Committee, &c. when there was no Knight but himſelf.

HAng out a flag, and gather pence apiece
(Which *Africk* never bred, nor ſwelling *Greece*
With ſtories timpany) a beaſt ſo rare
No *Lecturers* wrought cap, nor *Bartlemew* Fare
Can match him; natures whimſey, one that out-vyes
Tredeskin, and his ark of Novelties.
The *Gog* and *Magog* of prodigious ſights
With reverence to your eyes, Sir *Thomas Knights*:
But is this bigamy of titles due?
Are you Sir *Thomas*, and Sir *Martin* too?
Iſſachar Couchant't wixt a brace of Sirs,
Thou Knighthood in a pair of Panniers.
Thou that look'ſt wrapt up in thy warlike leather,
Like *Valentine* and *Orſon* bound together,
Spurs repreſentative! thou that art able
To be a *Voider* to King *Arthurs Table*:
Who in this ſacriligious maſs of all
It ſeems ha's ſwallowed *Windſors* Hoſpital.

Pair-

Pair-royal headed *Cerberus* his Cozen:
Hercules labours were a Bakers dozen.
Had he but trumpt on thee whose forked neck
Might well have answered at the Font for *Smeck*.
But can a Knighthood on a Knighthood lie
Mettal on Mettal is ill Armorie.
And yet the known *Godfrey* of *Bulloin's* coat
Shines in exception to the Heraulds vote.
Great spirits move not by pedantick laws,
Their actions though eccentrick, state the cause,
And *Priscan* bleeds with honour; *Cæsar* thus
Subscrib'd two Consuls with one *Julius*.
Tom never oaded Squire, scarce Yeoman high,
Is *Tom* twice dipt Knight of double a dy?
Fond man! whose fate is in his name betray'd,
It is the setting Sun doubles his shade;
But its no matter, for *Amphibious* he
May have a Knight hang'd, yet Sir *Tom* go free.

On

On the Memory of M. Edward King, *drown'd in the* Iriſh *Seas.*

I Like not tears in tune, nor do I prize
His artificial grief who ſcans his eyes,
Mine weep down pious beads: but why ſhould I
Confine them to the Muſes Roſary?
I am no Poet here; my pen 's the ſpout
Where the Rain-water of mine eyes runs out
In pity of that Name, whoſe fate we ſee
Thus copi'd out in grieſs Hydrography.
The Muſes are not Mair-maids; though upon
His death the Ocean might turn *Helicon.*
The Sea's too rough for verſe; who rhimes upon 't
VVith *Xerxes* ſtrives to ſetter th' *Helleſpont.*
My tears will keep no channel, know no laws
To guid their ſtreams; but (like the waves their cauſe)
Run with diſturbance, till they ſwallow me
As a deſcription of his miſerie.
But can his ſpacious virtue find a grave
VVithin th' impoſtum'd bubbel of a wave?
VVhoſe learning if we ſound, we muſt confeſs
The Sea but ſhallow, and him bottomleſs.
Could not the winds to counter-mand thy death,
With their whole card of Lungs redeem thy breath?
Or ſome new Iſland in thy reſcue peep,
To heave thy reſurrection from the deep?
That ſo the world might ſee thy ſafety wrought,
VVith no leſs wonder than thy ſelf was thought.

The

The famous *Stagarite*, who in his life
Had nature as familiar as his wife,
Bequeath'd his VVidow to ſurvive with thee,
Queen Dowager of all Philoſophie.
An ominous Legacy, that did portend
Thy fate, and Predeceſſours ſecond end!
Some have affirm'd, that what on earth we find
The Sea can parallel in ſhape, and kind:
Books, arts, and tongues were wanting, but in thee
Neptune hath got an Univerſitie.
VVe'l dive no more for pearls, the hope to ſee
Thy ſacred reliques of mortalitie
Shall welcome ſtorms, and make the Sea-men prize
His ſhipwrack now more than his merchandize.
He ſhall embrace the waves, and to thy Tomb
As to a *Royaller Exchange* ſhall come.
VVhat can we now expect? water, and fire,
Both elements our ruine do conſpire;
And that diſſolves us which doth us compound:
One *Vatican* was burnt, another drown'd.
VVe of the Gown our Libraries muſt toſs,
To underſtand the greatneſs of our loſs,
Be Pupils to our grief, and ſo much grow
In learning, as our ſorrows overflow.
VVhen we have fil'd the Rundlets of our eyes,
VVe'l iſſue't forth, and vent ſuch Elegies,
As that our tears ſhall ſeem the *Iriſh* Seas,
VVe floating Iſlands, living *Hebrides*.

On

On the ſame.

TEll me no more of *Stoicks*: canſt thou tell
Who t was, that when the waves began to ſwel,
The Ship to ſink, ſad paſſengers to call,
[Maſter we periſh] ſlept ſecure of all?
Remember this, and him that waking kept
A mind as conſtant as he did that ſlept.
Canſt thou give credit to his zeal and love,
That went to Heaven, and to thoſe flames above
Wrapt in a fiery chariot? Since I heard
VVho 't was, that on his knees the Veſſel ſteer'd
VVith hands bolt up to Heaven, ſince I ſee
As yet no ſign of his mortality;
Pardon me, Reader, if I ſay he's gone
The ſelf ſame journey in a watry one.

Upon

Upon an HERMAPHRODITE.

SIr, or Madam, chuſe you whether,
Nature twiſt'd you both together:
And makes thy ſoul two garbs confeſs,
Both Petticoat and Breeches dreſs.
Thus we chaſtiſe the God of *Wine*,
With water that is Feminine;
Untill the cooler Nymph abate
His wrath, and ſo concorporate.
Adam till his rib was loſt,
Had both Sexes thus ingroſt:
When Providence our Sire did cleave,
And out of *Adam* carved *Eve*,
Then did man 'bout wedlock treat,
To make his body up compleat:
Thus Matrimony ſpeaks but *Thee*
In a grave ſolemnity.
For man and wife make but one right
Canonical *Hermaphrodite*.
Ravel thy body, and I find
In every limb a double kind.
Who would not think that head a pair,
That breeds ſuch factions in the hair?
One half ſo churliſh in the touch,
That rather than indure ſo much,
I would my tender limbs apparrel
In *Regulus* his nailed barrell:

But the other half ſo ſmall,
And ſo amorous withall,
That *Cupid* thinks each hair doth grow
A ſtring for his invis'ble bow.
When I look babies in thine eyes,
Here *Venus*, there *Adonis* lies.
And though thy beauty be high noon,
Thy Orb contains both Sun and Moon,
How many melting kiſſes skip
'Twixt thy Male and Female lip?
'Twixt thy upper bruſh of hair
And thy nether beards deſpair,
When thou ſpeak'ſt, I would not wrong
Thy ſweetneſs with a double tongue:
But in every ſingle ſound
A perfect Dialogue is found.
Thy breaſts diſtinguiſh one another;
This the ſiſter, that the brother.
When thou joyn'ſt hands, my ear ſtill fancies
The Nuptial ſound, I *John* take *Frances*:
Feel but the difference, ſoft, and rough,
This a Gantlet, that a Muff:
Had ſly *Ulyſſes* at the ſack
Of *Troy* brought thee his Pedlers pack,
And weapons too to know *Achilles*
From King *Nichodemedes Phillis*,
His plot had fail'd; this hand would feel
The Needle, that the warlike ſteel.
When muſick doth thy pace advance,
Thy right leg takes thy left to dance,

Nor is 't a Galliard danc'd by one,
But a mixt dance, though alone:
Thus every heteroclite part
Changes gender, not thy heart.
Nay those which modesty can mean,
And dare not speak, are Epicæne;
That Gamester needs must overcome,
That can play both *Tib* and *Tom*.
Thus did Natures mintage vary,
Coyning thee a *Philip* and *Mary*.

The Authours.

HERMAPHRODITE,

Made after Mr. Randolph's *death, yet inserted into his* POEMS.

PRoblem of Sexes; must thou likewise be
As disputable in thy Pedigree?
Thou twins-in-on, in whom Dame Nature tries
To throw less than Aums ace upon two Dice:
Wer't thou serv'd up two in one dish, the rather
To split thy Sire into a double father?
True, the words scales are even: what the main
In one place gets, another quits again:

Nature loſt one by thee, and therefore muſt
Slice one in two to keep her number juſt:
Plurality of Livings is thy ſtate,
And therefore mine muſt be impropriate.
For, ſince the child is mine, and yet the claim
Is intercepted by anothers name,
Never did ſteeple carry double truer,
His is the Donative, and mine the Cure.
Then ſay my Muſe (and without more diſpute
Who 'tis that fame doth ſuperinſtitute.
The *Theban* Wittall, when he once deſcries,
Jove is his rivall, falls to ſacrifice:
That name hath tipt his horns: ſee on his knees,
A health to Hans-Kelder *Hercules*.
Nay ſublunary Cuckolds are content
To entertain their Fate with complement;
And ſhall not he be proud, whom *Randolph* daigns
To quarter with his Muſe both Arms and Brains?
Grammercy Goſſip, I rejoyce to ſee
Shee'th got a leap of ſuch a Barbary.
Talk not of horns, horns are the Poets Creſt;
For ſince the Muſes left their former neſt,
To found a *Nunnery* in *Randolph*'s quill,
Cuckold *Perwaſſus* is a forked hill.
But ſtay, I've wak't his duſt, his Marble ſtirs,
And brings the worms for his Compurgators.
Can Ghoſt have natural ſons? ſay *Ogg*, is 't meet,
Penance bear date after the winding ſheet?
Were it a *Phœnix* (as the double kind
May ſeem to prove, being there's two combin'd)

It would diſclaim my right, and that it were
The lawfull iſſue of his aſhes, ſwear.
But was he dead? did not his ſoul tranſlate
Her ſelf into a ſhop of leſſer rate?
Or break up houſe, like an expenſive Lord,
That gives his purſe a fob, and lives at board?
Let old *Pythagoras* but play the Pimp,
And ſtill there's hopes 't may prove his baſtard imp,
But I'me prophane; For grant the world had one,
With whom he might contract an union,
They two were one, yet like an Eagle ſpread,
Th body joyn'd, but parted in the head.
For you my brat, that poſe the Porph'ry Chair,
Pope *John*, or *Ioan*, or whatſoere you are,
You are a nephew, grieve not at your ſtate,
For all the world is illegitimate.
Man cannot get a man, unleſs the Sun
Club to the act of generation.
The ſun and man get man, thus *Tom* and I
Are the joynt fathers of thy Poetry.
For ſince (bleſt ſhade) this Verſe is Male, but mine
O'th' weaker Sex, a fancie Feminine:
Wee'l part the child, and yet commit no ſlaughter,
So ſhall it be thy Son, and yet my daughter.

Square-

Square Cap.

COme hither *Apollo's* bouncing Girle,
And and in a whole *Hippocrene* of Sherry
Let's drink a round till our brains do whirle,
Tuning our pipes to make our ſelves merry;
A Cambridge-Laſs, *Venus*-like, born of the froth
Of an old half-fill'd Jug of Barley broth,
She, ſhe's my Miſtris, her Suiters are many,
But ſhee I have a *Square-cap* if ere ſhe have any.

And firſt for the Pluſh-ſake the *Monmouth-cap*
Shaking his head like an empty bottle, (coms,
When his new-fangled Oath, *By Iupiters thumbs*,
That to her health hee I begin a pottle:
He tells her that after the death of his Grannam,
He ſhall have--- God knows what *per aunum*:
But ſtill ſhe replies, good Sir La-bee,
If ever I have a man, *Square-cap* for me.

Then Calot-*Leather-cap* ſtrongly pleads,
And fain would derive the pedigree of faſhion:
The *Antipodes* wear their ſhoes on their heads,
And why may not we in their imitation?
Oh, how this foot-ball noddle would pleaſe,
If it were but well toſt on *S. Thomas* his Lees.
But ſtill ſhe repli'd, good Sir La-bee,
If ever I have a man, *Square-cap* for me.

Next comes the Puritan in a *wrought-Cap*,
With a long-waſted conſcience towards a Si-
And making a Chappel of Eaſe of her lap, (ſter,
Firſt he ſaid grace, and then he kiſt her.
Belov'd, quoth he, thou art my Text,
Then falls he to Uſe and Application next:
But then ſhe replied, your Text (Sir) I'le be,
For then I'm ſure you'l ne'r handle me,

But ſee where *Sattain-Cap* ſcouts about, (marry
And fain would this wench in his fellowſhip
He told her how ſuch a man was not put out,
Becauſe his wedding he cloſely did carry.
Hee'l purchaſe Induction by Simony,
And offers her money her incombent to be.
But ſtill ſhe replied, good Sir La-bee,
If ever I have a man *Square-cap* for me.

The Lawyer s a Sophiſter by his *round-cap*,
Nor in their fallacies are they divided;
The one milks the pocket, the other the tap,
And yet this wench he fain would have brided.
Come leave theſe thred-bare Schollers, quoth he,
And give me livery and ſeiſon of thee: (on,
But peace *John-a-Nokes*, and leave your Orati-
For I never will be your Impropriation.
I pray you therefore good Sir La-bee;
For if ever I have a man *Square-cap* for me.

Upon PHILLIS walking *in a Morning before* Sun-rising.

THe ſluggiſh morn, as yet undreſt,
My *Phillis* brake from out her Eaſt;
As if ſhee'd made a match to run
With *Venus*, Uſher to the Sun.
The trees, like Yeomen of her Guard,
Serving more for pomp than ward,
Bank'd on each ſide with loyall duty,
Wave branches to incloſe her beauty.
The Plants, whoſe luxury was lopt,
Or age with crutches underpropt,
Whoſe wooden carkaſes are grown
To be but coffins of their own,
Revive, and at her general doſe
Each receives his ancient ſouſl.
The winged Choriſters began
To chirp their Mattins: and the Fan
Of whiſtling winds, like Organs, plaid,
Untill their Voluntaries made
The wak'ned earth in odours riſe,
To be her morning-Sacrifice.
The flowers, call'd out of their beds,
Start, and raiſe up their drowſie heads,
And he that for their colour ſeeks,
May find it vaulting in her cheeks

Where

Where Roſes mix: no civil war
Between her *York* and *Lancaſter*.
The Marigold, whoſe Courtiers face
Ecchoes the Sun, and doth unlace
Her at his riſe, at his full ſtop
Packs, and ſhuts up her gawdy ſhop;
Miſtakes her kue, and doth diſplay:
Thus *Phyllis* antidates the day.
Theſe miracles had cramp't the Sun,
Who thinking that his Kingdom's won,
Powders with light his frizled locks,
To ſee what Saints his luſtre mocks.
The trembling leaves through which he plaid,
Dapling the walk with light and ſhade,
Like lattice-windows, give the ſpie
Room out to peep with half an eye;
Leaſt her full Orb his ſight ſhould dim,
And bids us all good-night in him,
Till ſhe would ſpend a gentle ray,
To force us a new-faſhion'd day.
But what religious Palſie's this,
Which makes the boughs diveſt their Bliſs?
And that they might her footſteps ſtraw,
Drop their leaves with ſhivering awe.
Phillis perceives, and (leaſt her ſtay
Should wed October unto May;
And as her beauty caus'd a Spring,
Devotion might an Autumn bring)
With-drew her beams, yet made no night,
But left the Sun her curate-light.

Upon a MISER that made *a great feaſt, and the next day died for grief.*

NOr ſcapes he ſo: our dinner was ſo good,
My liquoriſh Muſe cannot but chew the cud:
And what delight ſhe took in th invitation,
Strives to taſt o're again in this relation.
After a tedious Grace in *Hopkins* rithme,
Not for devotion, but to take up time,
March t the train d-band of diſhes uſher d there,
To ſhew their poſtures, and then *as they were.*
For he invites no teeth, perchance the eye
He will afford the Lovers gluttony;
This is a feaſt, a muſter, not a fight,
Our weapons not for ſervice but for ſight.
But are we Tantaliz d? is all this meat
Cook d by a Limner, for to view, not eat?
Th' Aſtrologers keep ſuch *Houſes* when they ſup
On joynts of *Taurus*, or their heavenly Tup.
Whatever feaſts he made are ſum'd up here,
His table vyes not ſtanding with his chear.
His Churchings, Chriſtnings, in this meal are all,
And not tranſcrib d, but in th' Originall.
Chriſtmas is no Feaſt moveable: for lo
The ſelf-ſame dinner was ten years ago;
'Twill be immortal if it longer ſtay,
The Gods will eat it for *Ambroſia.*

But ſtay a while, unleſs my whinyard fail
Or it inchanted, I'le cut off th intail.
Saint George for England then, have at the mutton,
When the firſt cut calls me bloud-thirſty glutton:
What *Ajax* with his anger quodl'd brain
Killing a ſheep, thought *Agamemnon* ſlain,
The fiction's now prov'd true; wounding his roſt,
I lamentably butcher up mine hoſt,
Such ſympathy is with his meat, my weapon
Makes him an Eunuch, when it carves his Capon.
Cut a Gooſ-leg, and the poor ſoul for moan
Turns Creeple too, and after ſtands on one.
Have you not heard th' abominable ſport
A *Lanchaſter* Grand Jury will report?
The ſouldier with his Morglay watcht the Mill,
The cats they came to feaſt, when luſty *Will*
Whips off great Puſſes leg, which by ſome charm
Proves the next day ſuch an old womans arm:
'Tis ſo with him, whoſe carkaſe never ſcapes,
But ſtill we laſh him in a thouſand ſhapes.
Our ſerving-men like Spaniels range, to ſpring
The fowl when he hath clockt under her wing.
Should he on Widgeon, or on Woodcock feed,
It were (*Thyeſtes* like) on his own breed.
To pork he pleads a ſuperſtition due,
But not a mouth is muzled by the Jew.
Sawces we ſhould have none, had he his wiſh,
The Oranges i'th margent of the diſh,
He with ſuch Huckſters tells them o're and o're,
The *Heſperian* Dragon never watcht them more.

But

But being eaten now into deſpair,
Having nought elſe to do, he falls to prayer.
As Thou didſt once put on the form of Bull,
And turnſt thy *Io* to a lovely Mull,
Defend my rump great *Jove*, grant this poor beef
May live to comfort me in all this grief.
But no *Amen* was ſaid: See, ſee it comes,
Draw boys, let trumpets ſound & ſtrike up Drums.
See how his blood doth with the gravy ſwim,
And every trencher has a limb of him. (deeper,
The Ven'ſons now in view, our hounds ſpend
Strange Deer, which in the Paſty hath a Keeper
Stricter than in the Park, making his gueſt
(As he had ſtoln't alive) to ſteal it dreſt:
The ſcent was hot, and we purſuing faſter,
Than *Ovids* pack of dogs e're chac'd their Maſter,
A double prey at once may ſeize upon,
Actæon and his Caſe of Veniſon:
Thus was he torn alive. To vex him worſe
Death ſerves him up now as a ſecond courſe
Should we, like *Thracians*, our dead bodies eat,
He would have liv'd only to ſave his meat.

A Young MAN to an Old Woman *Courting him.*

PEace Beldam *Eve*; ſurceaſe thy ſuit:
There's no temptation in ſuch fruit.
No rotten Medlers, whilſt there be
Whole Orchards in Virginity.
Thy ſtock is too much out of date
For tender plants t' inoculate.
A match with thee thy bridegroom fears,
Would be thought Int'reſt in his years.
Which when compar'd to thine, become
Odd money to thy Grandam ſumme.
Can Wedlock know ſo great a curſe
As putting husbands out to Nurſe?
How *Pond* and *Rivers* would miſtake,
And cry new Almanacks for our ſake?
Time ſure hath wheel'd about his year,
December meeting *Januveer*.
Th' Egyptian Serpent figures time,
And ſtript, returns unto his Prime:
If my affection thou would'ſt win,
Firſt caſt thy Hieroglyphick skin.
My modern lips know not (alack)
The old Religion of thy ſmack.
I count that primitive embrace,
As out of faſhion as thy face.
And yet ſo long 'tis ſince thy fall,
Thy Fornications Claſſical.

Our

Our ſports will differ : thou may'ſt play,
Leero, and I *Alphonſo* way.
I'me no Tranſlator ; have no vein
To turn a woman young again:
Unleſs you'l grant the Tailor's due,
To ſee the fore-bodies be new :
I love to wear cloaths that are fluſh,
Not prefacing old rags with pluſh :
Like Aldermen, or Monſter-Sheriffs,
With Canvas backs, and velvet ſleeves.
And juſt ſuch diſcord there would be
Betwixt thy Skeleton and me.
Go ſtudy ſalve and Treacle, ply
Your tenants leg, or his ſore eye;
Thus Matrons purchaſe credit, thank
Six penni-worth of Mountebank.
Or chew thy cood on ſome delight
Thou takeſt in thy *Eighty Eight.*
Or be but bed-rid once, and then
Thou'lt dream thy youthfull ſins agen.
But if thou needs wilt be my Spouſe,
Firſt hearken, and attend my Vows.
When Ætna's fires ſhall undergo
The penance of the Alps in ſnow,
When Sol at one blaſt of his horn
Poſts from the Crab to Capricorn,
When th' Heavens ſhuffle all in one,
The Torrid with the Frozen Zone;
When all theſe contradictions meet,
Then (Sybill) thou and I will greet.

For

For all theſe ſimilies do hold
In my young heat and thy dull cold;
Then if a Feaver be ſo good
A Pimp as to inflame thy bloud,
Hymen ſhall twiſt thee, and thy Page
The diſtinct Tropick of mans age.
Well (Madam time) be ever bald,
I,le not thy Perywig be call'd.
I'le never be 'ſtead of a lover,
An aged Chronicles new cover.

To Mris K. T. who askt *him why he was Dumb.*

STay, ſhould I anſwer (Lady) then
In vain would be your queſtion.
Should I be dumb, why then again
Your asking me would be in vain.
Silence nor ſpeech (on neither hand)
Can ſatisfie this ſtrange demand.
Yet ſince your will throws me upon
This wiſhed contradiction,

I'le tell you how I did become
So ſtrangely (as you hear me) dumb.
Ask but the Chap-falne Puritan,
'Tis zeal that tongue-ties that good man,
For heat of Conſcience all men hold,
Is th'only way to catch their cold,
How ſhould loves zealot then forbear
To be your ſilenc'd Miniſter?
Nay your religion, which doth grant
A worſhip due to you my Saint,
Yet counts it that devotion wrong
That does it in the vulgar tongue.
My ruder words would give offence
To ſuch an hallow'd excellence;
As th'Engliſh Dialect would vary
The goodneſs of an *Ave Mary*.
How can I ſpeak, that twice am checkt
By this and that Religious Sect?
Still dumb, and in your face I ſpie
Still cauſe, and ſtill Divinity.
As ſoon as bleſt with your ſalute,
My manners taught me to be mute:
For, leaſt they cancel all the bliſs
You ſign'd with ſo divine a kiſs,
The lips you ſeal muſt needs conſent
Unto the tongues impriſonment.
My tongue in hold my voice doth riſe
(With a ſtrange *E-la* to my eyes,
Where it gets bail, and in that ſenſe
Begins a new-found Eloquence,

Oh

Oh liſten with attentive ſight,
To what my pratling eyes indite:
Or (Lady) ſince 'tis in your choice,
To give, or to ſuſpend my voice,
With the ſame key ſet ope the door
Wherewith you lockt it faſt before;
Kiſs once again, and when you thus
Have doubly been miraculous,
My Muſe ſhall write with Handmaids duty
The Golden Legend of your beauty.

He, whom his dumbneſs now confines,
But means to ſpeak the reſt by ſigns.

I C.

A Fair NYMPH ſcorning a Black Boy *Courting her.*

Nymph. STand off, and let me take the air,
Why ſhould the ſmoak purſue the fair;
Boy. My face is ſmoak, thence may be gueſs't
What flames within have ſcorch d my breſt.
Nymph. The flame of love I cannot view,
For the dark Lanthorn of thy hue.
Boy. And yet this Lanthorn keeps loves Taper;
Surer than yours that s of white paper.

What-ever mid-night hath been here,
The Moon-ſhine of your light can clear.
Nymph. My Moon of an Eclipſe is 'fraid,
If thou ſhouldſt interpoſe thy ſhade.
Boy. Yet one thing (ſweet-heart) I will aſk,
Buy me for a new half Maſk.
Nymph. Yes: but my bargain ſhall be this,
I'le throw my Maſk off when I kiſs.
Boy. Our curl'd imbraces ſhall delight,
To checquer limbs with black, and white.
Nymph. Thy ink, my paper, make me gueſs,
Our Nuptial bed will make a preſs;
And in our ſports if any came,
They'l read a wanton Epigram.
Boy. Why ſhould my black thy love impair?
Let the dark ſhop commend thy ware:
Or if thy love from black forbears,
I'le ſtrive to waſh it off with tears.
Nymph. Spare fruitleſs tears, ſince thou muſt needs
Still wear about thee mourning weeds:
Tears can no more affection win,
Than waſh thy Ethyopian skin.

A Dialogue between two ZEALOTS *upon the* &c. *in the OATH*

SIr *Roger*, from a zealous piece of Freeze,
Rais'd to a Vicar of the Children threes;
Whose yearly Audit may, by strict accompt,
To twenty Nobles, and his Vails amount;
Fed on the Common of the femal charity,
Until the Scots can bring about their parity;
So shotten, that his soul, like to himself,
Walks but in *Querpo*: this same Clergy Elf,
Encount'ring with a Brother of the Cloth,
Fell presently to Cudgels with the Oath:
The Quarrel was a strange mis-shapen Monster,
&c. (God bless us) which they conster,
The brand upon the buttock of the Beast,
The Dragons tail ti'd on a knot, a nest
Of young *Apocriphaes*, the fashion
Of a new mental Reservation.
While *Roger* thus divides the text, the other
Winks and expounds, saying, My pious brother,
Hearken with reverence; for the point is nice,
I never read on't but I fasted twice,
And so by Revelation know it better
Than all the learn'd Idolaters o'th' Letter.
With that he swell'd, and fell upon the Theam,
Like great *Goliah* with his Weavers beam:

I ſay to thee &c thou liſt,
Thou art the curled lock of Antichriſt:
Rubbiſh of *Babel*, for who will not ſay
Tongues were confounded in &c. ?
Who ſwears &c. ſwears more oaths at once
Than *Cerberus* out of his triple Sconce.
Who views it well, with the ſame eye beholds
The old half Serpent in his numerous foulds.
Accurſt &c. thou, for now I ſcent
What lately the prodigious Oyſters meant.
Oh *Booker*, *Booker*, how cam'ſt thou to lack
This ſign in thy prophetick Almanack;
It's the dark Vault wherein th' infernal plot
Of Powder 'gainſt the State was firſt begot.
Peruſe the Oath, and you ſhall ſoon deſcry it
By all the Father *Garnets* that ſtand by it. (ber,
'Gainſt whom the Church, whereof I am a Mem-
Shall keep another fifth day of November.
Yet here's not all, I cannot half untruſs
&c. it s ſo abhominous.
The *Trojan* Nag was not ſo fully lin d,
Unrip &c. and you ſhall find
Og the great Commiſſary, and which is worſe,
Th' Apparatour upon his skew-bald horſe.
Then (finally my Babe of Grace) forbear,
&c. will be too far to ſwear:
For 'tis (to ſpeak in a familiar ſtile)
A York-ſhire wea-bit, longer than a mile.
Then *Roger* was inſpir d, and by Gods-diggers,
Hee l ſwear in words at large, and not in figures.

Now

Now by this drink, which he takes off, as loth
To leave *&c.* in his liquid Oath.
His brother pledg'd him, and that bloudy wine,
He ſwears ſhall ſeal the Synods *Cataline*.
So they drunk on, not offering to part
Till they had quite ſworn out th eleventh quart:
While all that ſaw and heard them, ioyntly pray,
They and their Tribe were all *&c.*

SMECTYMNUS,
or the Club-Divines.

S*Mectymnus?* the Goblin makes me ſtart:
I'th' Name of Rabbi *Abraham*, what art;
Syriack? or *Arabick?* or *Welſh?* what skilt?
Ap all the Bricklayers that Babel built.
Some Conjurer tranſlate, and let me know it:
Till then'tis fit for a Weſt-Saxon Poet.
But do the brother-hood then play their prizes,
Like Mummers in Religion with diſguiſes?
Out-brave us with a name in Rank and File,
A Name, which if 'twere train'd would ſpread a mile;
The Saints Monopoly, the zealous cluſter,
Which like a Porcupine preſents a Muſter,
And ſhoots his quills at Biſhops and their Sees,
A devout litter of young *Maccabees*.

Thus Jack-of-all-trades hath devoutly ſhown
The twelve Apoſtles on a Cherry-ſtone.
Thus faction's All-a-Mode in treaſons faſhion;
Now we have Hereſie by Complication.
Like to *Don Quixots* Roſary of Slaves
Strung on a chain; A Murnivall of Knaves
Packt in a trick, like Gypſies when they ride,
Or like Colleagues which ſit all of a ſide:
So the vain Satyriſts ſtand all a row;
As hallow teeth upon a Lute-ſtring ſhow.
Th'*Italian* Monſter pregant with his brother,
Natures *Dyæreſis*, half one another,
He, with his little ſides-man *Lazarus*,
Muſt both give way unto *Smectymnius*.
Next *Sturbridge*-Fair is *Smec's*; for lo his ſide
Into a five-fold *Lazar's* multipli'd.
Under each arm there's tuckt a double Gyſſard,
Five faces lurk under one ſingle vizzard.
The whore of *Babylon* left theſe brats behind,
Heirs of confuſion by *Gavel-kind*.
I think *Pythagoras's* ſoul is rambl'd hither,
With all the change of Rayment on together:
Smec is her general Ward-rope, ſhee I not dare
To think of him as of a thorough-fare;
He ſtops the Goſſoping Dame; alone he is
The Purlew of a *Metempſuchoſis*.
Like a Scotch mark, where the more modeſt ſenſe
Checks the loud phraſe, and ſhrinks to 13. Pence:
Like to an *Ignis fatuus*, whoſe flame,
Though ſometimes tripartite, joyns in the ſame:

Like

Like to nine Taylors, who if rightly ſpell'd,
Into one man, are monyſyllabl'd.
Short-handed zeal in one hath cramped many,
Like to the Decalogue in a ſingle penny.
See, ſee, how cloſe the Curs hunt under ſheet,
As if they ſpent in Quire, and ſcand their feet;
One Cure, and five Incumbents leap a truſs,
The title ſure muſt be litigious.
The *Sadducees* would raiſe a queſtion,
Who muſt be *Smec* at the Reſurrection.
Who cook'd them up together were to blame,
Had they but wyre-drawn, and ſpun out their name
'Twould make another Prentiſes Petition (
Againſt the Biſhops, and their Superſtition.
Robſon and *French* (that count from five to five
As farr as nature fingers did contrive,
She ſaw they would be Seſſers, that's the cauſe
She cleft their hoof into ſo many claws)
May tire their Carret-bunch'yet ne'r agree
To rate *Smectymnus* for Polemonie.
Caligula, whoſe pride was mankinds bail,
As who diſdain'd to murder by retail;
Wiſhing the world had but one general Neck,
His glutton blade might have found game in *Smec*.
No Eccho can improve the Authour more,
Whoſe lungs paies uſe on uſe to half a ſcore.
No Felon is more letter'd, though the brand
Both ſuperſcribes his ſhoulder and his hand.
Some Welch-man was his God-father, for he
Wears in his name his Genealogy.

The Banes are askt, would but the time give way,
Betwixt *Smectymnus* and *Et cætera*.
The Guests invited by a friendly Summons,
Should be the Convocation, and the Commons,
The Priest to tye the Foxes tailes together,
Moseley, or *Sancta Clara*, chuse you whither.
See, what an off-spring every one expects!
What strange pluralities of men and Sects?
One saies hee'l get a Vestery, another
Is for a Synod: Bet upon the Mother:
Faith cry *St. George*, let them go to't, and stickle,
Whether a Conclave, or a Conventicle.
Thus might Religions catterwaul, and spight,
Which uses to divorce, might once unite.
But their cross fortunes interdict their trade,
The Groom is Rampant, but the Bride displai d.
My task is done, all my hee-Goats are milkt;
So many Cards, it'h stock, and yet be bilkt?
I could by letters now untwist the rabble;
Whip *Smec* from Constable to Constable.
But there I leave you to another dressing,
Onely kneel down, and take your Fathers blessing.
Mary the *Queen-Mother* justifie your fears,
And stretch her Patent to your leather-ears.

Teh

The mixt Assembly.

FLea-bitten Synod, an Assembly brew'd
Of Clerks and Elders *ana*, like the rude
Chaos of presbyt'ry, where Lay-men guide
With the tame Wool-pack Clergy by their side.
Who askt the Banes twixt these discolour'd Mates?
A strange *Groteſco* this, the Church and States
(Most divine tick-tack) in a pye-bald crew,
To serve as table-men of divers hue.
She that conceiv'd an *Æthiopian* heir
By picture, when the parents both where fair,
At sight of you had born a dappled son,
You checquering her imagination.
Had *Jacobs* flock but seen you sit, the dams
Had brought forth speckled & ringstreaked lambs.
Like, an Impropriators Motley kind,
Whose Scarlet Coat is with a Cassock lin'd.
Like the Lay-thief in a Canonick weed,
Sure of his Clergy e're he did the deed.
Like *Royston* Crows, who are (as I may say)
Friers of both the Orders *Black* and *Grey*.
So mixt they are, one knows not whethers thicker,
A Layre of *Burgeſs*, or a Layer of *Vicar*.
Have they usurp'd what Royal *Iudah* had;
And now must *Levi* too'part stakes with *Gad*;

The

The Scepter and the Crosier are the Crutches,
Which if not trusted in their pious Clutches,
Will fail the Criple State. And were't not pity
But both should serve the yardwand of the City?
That *Isaac* might stroak his beard, and sit
Judge of *its ads* and *Elegerit*.
Oh that they were in chalk and charcole drawn!
The Misselany Satyr, and the Fawn,
And all the Adulteries of twisted nature,
But faintly represent this ridling feature,
Whose Members being not tallies, they'l not own
Their fellows at the Resurrection.
Strange scarlet Doctors these, they'l pass in story
For sinners half refin'd in Purgatory;
Or parboyl'd Lobsters, where there joyntly rules
The fading Sables, and the coming Gules.
The flea that *Falstaff* damn'd, thus lewdly shows
Tormented in the flames of *Bardolphs* Nose,
Like him that wore the Dialogue of Cloaks,
This shoulder *John-a-stiles*, that *John-a-Noaks*.
Like Jews and Christians in a ship together,
With an old Neck-verse to distinguish either.
Like their intended Discipline to boot,
Or what soe're hath neither head nor foot:
Such may their stript-stuff-hangings seem to be,
Sacriledge matcht with Codpeece-symony;
Be sick and dream a little, you may then
Phansie these Linsie-Woolsie Vestry-men.
Forbear good *Pembroke*, be not over-daring,
Such company may chance to spoil thy swearing:

And

And theſe Drum-Major oaths of Bulk unruly,
May dwindle to a feeble *By my truly*.
He that the Noble *Percyes* blood inherits,
Will he ſtrike up a *Hot-ſpur* of the ſpirits?
Hee'l fright the *Obadiah* out of tune,
With his uncircumciſed *Algernon*:
A name ſo ſtubborn, 'tis not to be ſcan'd
By him in *Gath* with the ſix finger'd hand.
See, they obey the Magick of my words.
Preſto, they're gone, and now the Houſe of Lords
Looks like the wither'd face of an old hagg
But with three teeth, like to a triple gagg,
A Jig, a Jig; and in this Antick dance
Fielding, and doxy *Marſhal* firſt advance.
Twiſs blows the Scotch pipes, and the loving braſe
Puts on the traces, and treads Cinqu-a-pace.
Then *Say and Seal* muſt his old hamſtrings ſupple,
And he and rumpl'd *Palmer* make a couple.
Palmer's a fruitfull girle, if hee'l unfold her,
The Midwife may find work about her ſhoulder.
Kimbolton that rebellious *Boanerges*,
Muſt be content to ſaddle Doctor *Burges*,
If *Burges* get a clap, tis ne're the worſe,
But the firſt time of his Compurgators.
Nol Bowls is coy; good ſadneſs, cannot dance
But in obedience to the Ordinance.
Here *Wharton* wheels about 't'll *Mumping Lidy*,
Like the full Moon, hath made his Lordſhip giddy.
Pym and the *Members* muſt their giblets levy,
T'incounter Madam *Smec* that ſingle Bevy.

If

If they two truck together; will not be
A Child-birth, but a Goal-delivery.
Thus every *Gibeline* hath got his *Guelph*,
But *Selden*, hee's a Galliard by himſelf,
And well may be; there's more Divines in him
Than in all this their Jewiſh *Sanhedrim*:
Whoſe Canons in the forge ſhall then bear date
When Mules their Coſin-Germans generate.
Thus *Moſes* Law is violated now,
The Ox and Aſs go yok'd in the ſame plough:
Reſign thy Coach-box *Twiſs*; *Brook*'s Preacher, he
Would ſort the beaſts with more conformity.
Water & earth make but one globe, a Round-head
Is Clergy-Lay *Party-per-pale* compounded.

The Kings Diſguiſe.

AND why a Tenant to this vile diſguiſe, (eyes?
Which who but ſees, blaſphemes thee with his
My twins of light within their pent-houſe ſhrink,
And hold it their Allegiance now to wink.
Oh for a State-diſtinction, to arraign
Charles of high Treaſon gainſt my Soveraign.
What an uſurper to his Prince is wont,
Cloyſter and ſhave him, he himſelf hath don't.

His

His muffled feature ſpeaks him a recluſe,
His ruines prove him a religious houſe.
The Sun hath mew'd his beams from off his lamp,
And Majeſty defac'd the Royal ſtamp.
Is't not enough thy Dignity's in thrall,
But thou'lt tranſmute it in thy ſhape and all?
As if thy Blacks were of too faint a die,
Without the tincture of Tautology.
Flay an Egyptian for his Caſſock skin
Spun of his Countrey's darkneſs, line't within
With Presbyterian budge, that drowſie trance,
The Synod ſable, foggy ignorance.
Nor bodily nor ghoſtly Negro could
Rough-caſt thy figure in a ſadder mould:
This Privie-chamber of thy ſhape would be
But the Cloſe mourner of thy Royalty.
'Twill break the circle of thy Jailors ſpell,
A Pearl within a rugged Oyſters ſhell.
Heaven, which the Miniſter of thy Perſon owns,
Will fine thee for Dilapidations:
Like to a martyr'd Abbeys courſet doom,
Devoutly alter'd to a Pigeon room:
Or like the Colledge, by the changeling rabble,
Manchesters Elves, transform'd into a ſtable.
Or if there be a prophanation higher,
Such is the Sacriledge of thine attire.
By which th'art half depos'd, thou look'ſt like one
Whoſe looks are under Sequeſtration.
Whoſe Renegado form, at the firſt glance,
Shews like the ſelf-denying Ordinance.

Angel

Angell of light, and darkneſs too, I doubt,
Inſpir'd within, and yet poſſeſs'd without.
Majeſtick twi-light in the ſtate of grace,
Yet with an excommunicated face.
Charles and his Mask are of a different mint,
A Pſalm of mercy in a miſcreant print.
The Sun wears Mid-night, day is beetle-brow'd,
And lightning is in Keldar of a cloud:
Oh the accurſt Stenography of fate!
The Princely Eagle ſhrunk into a Bat.
What charm, what Magick vapour can it be,
That ſhrinks his raies to this Apoſtaſie?
It is no ſubtile film of tiffany ayr,
No Cob-web vizard, ſuch as Ladies wear,
When they are veil'd on purpoſe to be ſeen,
Doubling their luſtre by their vanquiſht skreen:
Nor the falſe ſcabbard of a Princes tough
Metall, and three pil'd darkneſs like the ſlough
Of an impriſoned flame, 'tis *Faux* in grain,
Dark Lanthorn to our high Meridian.
Hell belcht the damp, the *Warwick-Caſtle*-Vote
Rang *Britains* Curfeu, ſo our light went out.
Thy viſage is not legible, the letters,
Like a Lords name writ in phantaſtick fetters:
Cloaths where a Switzer might be buried quick,
Sure they would fit the Body Politique.
Falſe beard enough, to fit a ſtages plot,
For that's the ambuſh of their wit, God wot.
Nay all his properties ſo ſtrange appear,
Y'are not i'th' preſence, though the King be there.

A Libell is his dreſs, a garb uncouth,
Such as the *Hue* and *Cry* once purg'd at mouth.
Scribling Aſſaſſinate, thy lines atteſt
An ear-mark due, Cub of the Blatant Beaſt,
Whoſe wrath before 'tis ſyllabled for worſe,
Is blaſphemy unfledg'd, a callow curſe.
The Laplanders, when they would ſell a wind
Wafting to hell, bag up thy phraſe, and bind
It to the Barque, which at the voyage end
Shifts Poop, and brings the Collick in the fiend.
But I'le not dub thee with a glorious ſcar,
Nor ſink thy skuller with a Man of War.
The black-mouth'd *Siquis*, and this ſlandering ſuit,
Both do alike in picture execute.
But ſince w'are all call'd Papiſts, why not date,
Devotion to the rags thus conſecrate.
As Temples uſe to have their Porches wrought
With Sphynxes, creatures of an antick draught,
And puzling Pourtraitures, to ſhew that there
Riddles inhabited, the like is here.
But pardon Sir, ſince I preſume to be
Clark of this Cloſet to your Majeſty;
Me thinks in this your dark myſterious dreſs
I ſee the Goſpel coucht in parables.
At my next view my pur-blind fancy ripes,
And ſhews Religion in its dusky types.
Such a Text Royal, ſo obſcure a ſhade,
Was *Solomon* in Proverbs all array'd.
Come all the brats of this expounding age,
To whom the ſpirit is in pupillage;

You

You that damn more than ever *Sampſon* ſlew,
And with his engine, the ſame jaw-boon too:
How is't he ſcapes your Inquiſition free,
Since bound up in the Bibles Livery?
Hence Cabinet-intruders, Pick-locks hence,
You that dim Jewells with your Briſtoll-ſence:
And Characters, like Witches, ſo torment,
Till they confeſs a guilt, though innocent.
Keys for this Coffer you can never get,
None but S. *Peter*'s ope's this Cabinet.
This Cabinet, whoſe aſpect would benight
Critick ſpectators with redundant light.
A Prince moſt ſeen, is leaſt: What Scriptures call
The Revelation, is moſt myſticall.
Mount then thou ſhadow royall, and with haſt
Advance thy morning ſtar, *Charles*'s overcaſt.
May thy ſtrange journey, contradictions twiſt,
And force fair weather from a Scottiſh miſt,
Heav'ns Confeſſors are pos'd, thoſe ſtar-ey'd ſages
To interpret Eclipſe, thus riding ſtages.
Thus *Iſrael*-like, he travells with a cloud,
Both as a conduct to him, and a ſhroud.
But oh! he goes to *Gibeon*, and renews
A league with mouldy bread, and clouted ſhoos.

The

THE REBEL-SCOT.

HOw! Providence! and yet a Scottiſh crew!
Then Madam nature wears blacks patches
What? ſhall our Nation be in bondage thus (too:
Unto a Land that truckles under us?
Ring the bels backward; I am all on fire,
Not all the buckets in a Countrey Quire
Shall quench my rage. A Poet ſhould be fear'd
When angry, like a Comets flaming beard.
And where's the Stoick? can his wrath appeaſe
To ſee his Countrey ſick of *Pym's* diſeaſe
By Scotch invaſion? to be made a prey
To ſuch Pig-wiggin *Myrmidons* as they?
But that there's charm in verſe, I would not quote
The name of *Scot*, without an Antidote;
Unleſs my head were red, that I might brew
Invention there that might be poyſon too.
Were I a drowſie Judge, whoſe diſmal note
Diſgorgeth halters, as a Juglers throat
Doth ribbands: could I [in Sir Emp'ricks tone]
Speak Pils in phraſe, and quack deſtruction:
Or roar like *Marſhal*, that *Genevah* Bull,
Hell and damnation a pulpit full:

Yet to expreſs a *Scot*, to play that prize,
Not all thoſe mouth-Granadoes can ſuffice.
Before a *Scot* can properly be curſt,
I muſt (like *Hocus*) ſwallow daggers firſt.
Come keen *Iambicks*, with your Badgers feet,
And Badger-like, bite till your teeth do meet.
Help ye tart Satyriſts, to imp my rage,
With all the Scorpions that ſhould whip this age.
Scots are like Witches; do but whet your pen,
Scratch till the bloud come; they'l not hurt you
Now as the Martyrs were inforc'd to take (then.
The ſhapes of beaſts, like hypocrites, at ſtake,
I'le bait my *Scot* ſo; yet not cheat your eyes,
A *Scot* within a beaſt is no diſguiſe.
No more let *Ireland* brag, her harmleſs Nation
Foſters no Venom, ſince the Scots plantation:
Nor can ours feign'd Antiquity maintain;
Since they came in, *England* hath Wolves again.
The Scot that kept the Tower, might have ſhown
(Within the grate of his own breaſt alone)
The Leopard and the Panther; and ingroſt
What all thoſe wild Collegiats had coſt
The honeſt High-ſhoes, in their Termly Fees,
Firſt to the ſalvage Lawyer, next to theſe.
Nature her ſelf doth Scotch-men beaſts confeſs,
Making their Countrey ſuch a wilderneſs:
A Land, that brings in queſtion and ſuſpenſe
Gods omnipreſence, but that *Charles* came thence:
But that *Montroſe* and *Crawfords* loyal Band
Atton'd their ſins, and chriſt'ned half the Land:

Nor

Nor is it all the Nation hath theſe ſports;
There is a Church, as well as *Kirk* of Scots:
As in a picture, where the ſquinting paint
Shews Fiend on this ſide, and on that ſide Saint.
He that ſaw Hell in's melancholy dream,
And in the twi-light of his Fancy's theam,
Scar'd from his ſins, repented in a fright,
Had he view'd Scotland, had turn'd Proſelite.
A Land, where one may pray with curſt intent,
O may they never ſuffer baniſhment! doom,
Had *Cain* been *Scot*, God would have chang'd his
Not forc'd him wander, but confin'd him home.
Like Jews they ſpread, and as Infection flie,
As if the Divel had Ubiquity.
Hence 'tis they live at Rovers; and defie
This or that place, Rags of Geography.
They're Citizens o'th World; they're all in all,
Scotland's a Nation Epidemicall.
And yet they ramble not, to learn the Mode
How to be dreſt, or how to liſp abroad;
To return knowing in the Spaniſh ſhrug,
Or which of the Dutch States a double Jug
Reſembles moſt, in belly, or in Beard:
(The Card by which the Marriners are ſteer'd.)
No; the *Scots-Errant* fight, and fight to eat;
Their *Eſtrich-ſtomacks* make their *ſwords* their *meat*:
Nature with Scots as Tooth-drawers hath dealt,
Who uſe to hang their teeth upon their Belt.
Yet wonder not at this their happy choiſe;
The Serpent's fatal ſtill to *Paradiſe*.

Sure *England* hath the Hemeroids, and theſe
On the North-poſture of the patient ſe ze,
Like Leeches: thus they phyſically thirſt
After our bloud, but in the cure ſhall burſt.
Let them not think to make us run o'th ſcore,
To purchaſe Villanage, as once before,
When an Act paſt to ſtroak them on the head,
Call them good Subjects, buy them Ginger-bread.
Nor gold, nor Acts of Grace; 'tis ſteel muſt tame
The ſtubborn *Scot*: A Prince that would reclaim
Rebels by yielding, doth like him, (or worſe)
Who ſaddled his own back, to ſhame his horſe.
Was it for this you gave your leaner ſoil,
Thus to lard *Iſrael* with Ægypts ſpoil?
They are the Goſpels Life-guard; but for them,
The Garriſon of new Jeruſalem,
What would the Brethren do? the Cauſe! the cauſe!
Sack poſſets, and the Fundamental Laws!
Lord! what a goodly thing is want of ſhirts!
How a Scotch-ſtomack, and no meat, converts!
They wanted food, and rayment; ſo they took
Religion for their Seamſtreis, and their Cook.
Unmask them well; their honours and eſtate,
As well as conſcience are ſophiſticate.
Shrive but their Titles and their money poize,
A Laird & twenty pounds pronounc'd with noiſe,
When conſtru'd, but for a plain Yeoman go,
And a good ſober two-pence; and well ſo.
Hence then you proud Impoſtors, get you gone,
You Picts in Gentry and Devotion:

You ſcandal to the ſtock of Verſe, a race
Able to bring the Gibbet in diſgrace.
Hyperbolus by ſuffering did traduce
The Oſtraciſm, and ſham'd it out of uſe.
The Indian, that heaven did forſwear,
Becauſe he heard the Spaniards were there,
Had he but known what Scots in hell had been,
He would *Eraſmus*-like have hung between.
My Muſe hath done. A Voider for the nonce;
I wrong the Devil, ſhould I pick their bones.
That diſh is his; for when the Scots deceaſe,
Hell, like their Nation, feeds on Barnacles.
A Scot, when from the Gallow-Tree got looſe,
Drops into *Styx*, and turns a Solund-Gooſe.

The Scots Apoſtaſie.

IS't come to this? what ſhall the cheeks of Fame,
Stretcht with the breath of learned *Lowdons*
Be flag'd again? & that great piece of ſence, (name,
As rich in Loyalty, as Eloquence,
Brought to the Teſt, be found a trick of State?
Like Chymiſts tinctures, prov'd adulterate?
The Devil ſure ſuch language did atchieve,
To cheat our un-fore-warned Grandam *Eve*,
As this Impoſtor found out, to beſot
Th' experienc'd *Engliſh*, to believe a *Scot*.
Who reconcil'd the Covenants doubtfull ſence?
The Commons Argument, or the Cities pence?
Or did you doubt, perſiſtance in one good
Would ſpoil the Fabrick of your Brotherhood,
Projected firſt in ſuch a forge of ſin,
Was fit for the grand Devils hammering?
Or was't ambition, that this damned fact
Should tell the world you know the ſins you act?
The infamie this ſuper-treaſon brings,
Blaſts more than murders of *your ſixty Kings*.
A crime ſo black, as being advis'dly done,
Thoſe hold with this no competition.
Kings onely ſuffer'd then, in this doth lie
Th' Aſſaſination of *Monarchy*.
Beyond this ſin no one ſtep can be trod,
If not t' attempt depoſing of your God.

Oh

Oh were you ſo ingag'd, that we might ſee
Heavens angry lightning 'bout your ears to flee,
Til you were ſhrivel'd to duſt; and your cold Land
Partcht to a drought, beyond the *Lybian* ſand!
But 'tis reſerv'd, and till heaven plague you worſe,
Be Objects of an Epidemick curſe.
Firſt, may your brethren, to whoſe viler ends
Your pow'r hath bauded ceaſe to coūt you friends
And prompted by the dictate of their reaſon, (ſon
Reproach the *Traytors*, though they hug the *Trea-*
And may their Jealouſies increaſe and breed,
Till they confine your ſteps beyond the *Tweed*:
In forreign Nations may your loath'd name be
A ſtigmatizing brand of infamy;
Till forc'd by general hate, you ceaſe to rome
The world, and for a plague go live at home:
Till you reſume your poverty, and be
Reduc'd to beg, where none can be ſo free
To grant; and may your ſcabby Land be all
Tranſlated to a general Hoſpital.
Let not the Sun affoard one gentle ray,
To give you comfort of a Summers day;
But, as a Guerdon for your traiterous War,
Live cheriſht onely by the Northern Star.
No ſtranger deign to viſit your rude Coaſt,
And be to all, but baniſht men, as loſt.
And ſuch in height'ning of th' inflection due,
Let provok'd Princes ſend them all to you.
Your State a Chaos be, where not the Law,
But Power, your Lives and Liberties may aw.

No Subject 'mongſt you keep a quiet breaſt,
But each man ſtrive through bloud to be the beſt;
Till, for thoſe miſeries on us you've brought,
By your own ſword our juſt revenge be wrought.
To ſum up all---let your *Religion* be,
As your *Allegiance*, mask'd hypocriſie:
Untill, when *Charls* ſhall be compos'd in duſt,
Perfum'd with Epithetes of *Good* and *Juſt*;
HE ſav'd; incenſed Heaven may have forgot
T'afford one act of mercy to a *Scot*;
Unleſs that *Scot* deny himſelf, and do
(Whats eaſier far) renounce his *Nation* too.

Rupertiſmus.

O That I could but vote my ſelf a Poet!
Or had the Legiſlative knack to do it!
Or, like the Doctors Militant, could get
Dub'd at adventures Verſer Banneret!
Or had I *Cacus* trick to make my Rimes
Their own Antipodes, and track the times:
Faces about, ſaies the *Remonſtrant* ſpirit;
Allegiance is Malignant, Treaſon Merit:
Huntington-colt, that pos'd the Sage Recorder,
Might be a Sturgeon now, and paſs by Order.
Had I but *Elſing's* gift (that ſplay-mouth'd brother)
That declares one way, and yet means another:
Could I but write a-ſquint; then (Sir) long ſince
You had been ſung, *A Great and Glorious Prince.*

I had obſerv'd the Language of the daies;
Blaſphem'd you; and then Periwig'd the Phraſe
With humble ſervice, and ſuch other Fuſtian,
Bels which ring backward in this great combuſtiõ.
I had revil'd you, and without offence,
The Literal, and *Equitable Sence*
Would make it good: when all fails, that will do't;
Sure that diſtinction cleft the Devil's foot.
This were my Dialect, would your Highneſs pleaſe
To read me but with Hebrew Spectacles;
Interpret Counter, what is Croſs rehears'd:
Libels are commendations, when revers'd.
Juſt as an Optique Glaſs contracts the ſight
At one end, but when turn'd doth multiply't.
But you're inchanted, Sir; you're doubly free
From the great Guns, and ſquibbing Poetry:
Who neither Bilbo, nor Invention pierces,
Proof even 'gainſt th' Artillery of Verſes.
Strange! that the Muſes cannot wound your Mail;
If not their Art, yet let their Sex prevail.
At that known Leaguer, where the Bonny *Beſſes*
Supplied the bow-ſtrings with their twiſted treſſes,
Your ſpels could ne're have ſenc'd you: ev'ry arrow
Had launc'd your noble breaſt & drunk the marrow:
For beauty, like white powder makes no noiſe;
And yet the ſilent Hypocrite deſtroyes.
Then uſe the Nuns of *Helicon* with pity,
Leſt *Wharton* tell his Goſſips of the City,
That you kill women too; nay maids, and ſuch
Their *General* wants *Militia* too touch.

Impotent

Impotent *Essex*! is it not a shame
Our Common-wealth, like to a *Turkish Dame*,
Should have an *Eunuch*-Guardian? may she be
Ravish'd by *Charles*, rather than sav'd by thee.
But why, my Muse, like a Green sickness-Girle,
Feed st thou on coals and dirt? a Gelding Earl
Gives no more relish to thy Female Palat,
Then to that Ass did once the Thistle-Sallat.
Then quit the barren Theme; and all at once
Thou and thy sisters like bright *Amazons*,
Give *Rupert* an alarum, *Rupert*! one
Whose name is wit's Superfœtation.
Makes fancy, like eternities round womb,
Unite all Valour, present, past, to come.
He, who the old Philosophy controuls,
That voted down plurality of souls
He breaths a grand Committee; all that were
The wonders of their Age, constellate here.
And as the elder sisters growth and sence
(Souls Paramount themselves) in man commence
But faculties of reasons Queen; no more
Are they to him, who were compleat before
Ingredients of his virtue thread the Beads
Of *Cæsar's* Acts, great *Pompey's* and the Sweds:
And 'tis a bracelet fit for *Rupert's* hand,
By which that vast *Triumvirate* is span'd,
Here, here is Palmestry; here you may read
How long the world shall live, & when't shall bleed.
Whatever man winds up, that *Rupert* hath:
For nature rais'd him of the *Publike Faith*,

Pandora's

Pandora's brother, to make up whoſe ſtore,
The Gods were fain to run upon the ſcore.
Such was the Painters Brieve for *Venus* face;
Item an eye from *Jane*, a lip from *Grace*.
Let *Iſaac* and his Cit'z flea of the place
That tips their Antlets for the Calf of Stace;
Let the zeal twanging Noſe, that wants a ridge,
Snuffing devoutly, drop his ſilver bridge:
Yes, and the Goſſips ſpoon augment the ſum,
Although poor *Caleb* loſe his Chriſtendom:
Rupert out-weighs that in his ſterling ſelf,
Which their ſelf-wants paies in commuting pelf.
Pardon, great Sir; for that ignoble crew
Gains, when made bankrupt in the ſcales with you.
As he, who in his character of light
Stil'd it *Gods ſhadow*, made it far more bright
By an Eclipſe ſo glorious; (light is dim,
And a black nothing, when compar'd to him:)
So 'tis illuſtrious to be *Ruperts* foil,
And a juſt Trophee to be made his ſpoil
He pin my faith on the *Diurnalls* ſleeve
Hereafter, and the *Guild-Hall* Creed beleeve,
The Conqueſts which the Common-Councel hears
With their wide liſt'ning mouths from the great (Peers,
That ran away in triumph: ſuch a Foe
Can make them victors in their overthrow.
Where providence and valour meet in one,
Courage ſo poiz'd with circumſpection,
That he revives the quarrel once again
Of the ſouls throne, whether in heart or brain;

And

And leaves it a drawn match: whose fervor can
Hatch him, whom Nature poach'd but half a man.
His Trumpet, like the Angel's at the last,
Makes the soul rise by a miraculous blast.
'Twas the Mount *Athos* carv'd in shape of man
(As 't was defin'd by th' *Macedonian*)
Whose right hand should a populous Land contain,
The left should be a Channel to the main:
His spirit might inform th' Amphibious figure;
Yet straight-lac'd sweats for a Dominion bigger:
The terrour of whose name can out of seven,
(Like *Falstaffe's* Buckram-men) make fly eleven.
Thus some grow rich by breaking; Vipers thus
By being slain, are made more numerous.
No wonder they'l confess no loss of men;
For *Rupert* knocks 'em, till they gig agen,
They fear the Giblets of his train; they fear
Even his Dog, that four legg'd *Cavalier*:
He that devours the *scraps*, which *Lundsford* makes,
Whose picture feeds upon a child in stakes:
Who name but *Charls*, becomes aloft for him,
But holds up his Malignant leg at *Pim*.
'Gainst whom they 've several Articles in souse;
First that he barks against the sence o'th House.
Resolv'd Delinquent, to the Tower straight;
Either to th' Lions, or the Bishops Grate.
Next, for his ceremonious wag o'th tail:
But there the Sisterhood will be his Bail,
At least the Countess will, *Lust's Amsterdam*,
That lets in all religious of the game

Thirdly,

Thirdly, he ſmells intelligence, that's better,
And cheaper too, then *Pym's* from his own Letter:
Who's doubly pai'd (Fortune, or we the blinder?)
For making plots, and then for Fox the finder.
Laſtly, he is a Devil without doubt;
For when he would lie down, he wheels about;
Makes circles, and is couchant in a ring,
And therefore ſcore up one for cõjuring. (quarter!
What canſt thou ſay, thou wretch? O Quarter,
I'me but an Inſtrument, a meer S. *Arthur*.
If I muſt hang, O let not our fates vary,
Whoſe office 'tis alike to fetch, and carry.
No hopes of a reprieve, the mutinous ſtir
That ſtrung the Jeſuite, will diſpatch a cur.
Were I a Devil, as the Rebel fears,
I ſee the Houſe would try me by my Peers.
There *Jowler*, there! ah *Jowler*! 'tis nought
What e're th' Accuſers cry, they're at a fault;
And *Glyn*, and *Maynard* have no more to ſay,
Than when the glorious *Strafford* ſtood at Bay.
Thus Labels but annex'd to him we ſee,
Enjoy a copyhold of Victory.
S. *Peters* ſhadow heal'd; *Ruperts* is ſuch,
'Twould find S. *Peters* work, yet wound as much.
He gags their guns, defeats their drie intent,
The Cannons do but liſp and complement.
Sure *Jove* deſcended in a leaden ſhower
To get this *Perſeus*: hence the fatal power
Of ſhot is ſtrangled: bullets thus alli'd,
Fear to commit an act of Parricide.

Go

Go on brave Prince, and make the world confess,
Thou art the greater world, and that the less.
Scatter th' accumulative King; untruss
That five fold fiend, the States *Smectymnuus*;
Who place Religion in their Velam-ears.
As in their Phylacters the Jews did theirs.
England's a Paradise (and a modest Word)
Since guarded by a Cherub's flaming Sword.
Your name can scare an Athiest to his prayers;
And cure the Chin-cough better than the bears.
Old *Sybil* charms the Tooth-ack with you: *Nurse*
Makes you still children; nay & the pondrous curse
The Clowns salute with, is deriv'd from you;
(*Now* Rupert *take thee, Rogue; how dost thou do?*)
In fine the name of *Rupert* thunders so,
Kimbolton's but a rumbling VVheel-barrow.

Epitaph

Epitaph on the Earl of STRAFFORD.

HEre lies Wiſe and Valiant Duſt,
Huddled up 'twixt Fit and Juſt:
Strafford, who was hurried hence
'Twixt Treaſon and Convenience.
He ſpent his time here in a Miſt;
A *Papiſt*, yet a *Calviniſt*.
His Prince's neareſt Joy, and Grief.
He had, yet wanted all Relief.
The Prop and Ruin of the State;
The people's violent Love and Hate:
One in extreams lov'd and abhor'd.
Riddles lie here; or in a word,
Here lies Bloud; and let it lie
Speechleſs ſtill, and never cry.

Epitaphi-

Epitaphium *Thomæ* Comitis *Straffordii*, &c.

EXurge Cinis, tuumq; solus qui potis es scribe Epitaphium:
Nequit Wentworthi *non esse facundus vel Cinis.*
Effare Marmor: & quem cœpisti comprehendere,
Macte & Exprimere.
Candidius meretur urna quàm quod rubris
Notatum est literis Elogium.
Atlas *Regiminis Monarchici hic jacet lassus:*
Secunda Orbis Britannici *intelligentia:*
Rex Politiæ, & Prorex Hiberniæ,
Straffordii, *& Virtutum, Comes:*
Mens Jovis, *Mercurii ingenium, & lingua* Apollinis;
Cui Anglia Hiberniam *debuit, scipsam* Hibernia.
Sydus Aquilonicum, quo sub rubicundâ vesperâ occidente,
Nox simul & dies visa est: dextróque oculo flevit,
Lævóque lætata est Anglia.
Theatrum Honoris, itemque Scena calamitosa Virtutis
Actoribus, morbo, morte, & invidiâ,
Quæ ternis animosa Regnis non vicit tamen,
Sed oppressit.
Sic inclinavit Heros (non minus) *Caput*
Belluæ (vel sic) *multorum Capitum:*
Merces favoris Scotici, præter pecunias:
Erubuit ut tetigit securis,
Similem quippe nunquam degustavit sanguinem.
Monstrum narro: fuit tam infensus Legibus,
Ut pirùs Legem quàm nata foret, violavit:
Hunc tamen non sustulit Lex,
Verum Necessitas, non habens Legem.
Abi Viator, cætera memorabunt posteri.

On

On the Archbiſhop of CANTERBURY.

I Need no Muſe to give my paſſion vent,
He brews his tears that ſtudies to lament.
Verſe chymically weeps, that pious rain
Diſtill'd with Art, is but the ſweat o'th brain.
Who ever ſob'd in numbers? can a groan
Be quaver'd out by ſoft diviſion?
'Tis true, for common formal Elegies,
Not *Buſhels* Wells can match a Poets eyes
In wanton water-works: hee'l tune his tears
From a *Geneva* Jig up to the Sphears.
But when he mourns at diſtance, weeps a loof,
Now that the Conduit head is our own roof,
Now that the Fate is publick, we may call
It *Britains* Veſpers, *Englands* Funeral.
Who hath a Penſil to expreſs the Saint,
But he hath eyes too, waſhing off the paint?
There is no learning but what tears ſurround
Like to *Seths* Pillars in the Deluge drown'd.
There is no Church, Religion is grown
From much of late, that ſhee's increaſt to none:
Like an Hydropick body full of Rhewms,
Firſt ſwells into a bubble, then conſumes.
The Law is dead, or caſt into a trance,
And by a Law dough-bak'd, an Ordinance.

The *Lyturgy*, whoſe doom was voted next;
Died as a Comment npon him the text.
There's nothing lives: life is ſince he is gone,
But a Nocturnal Lucubration.
Thus you have ſeen deaths inventory read
In the ſum total----*Canterburie's dead.*
A ſight would make a Pagan to baptize
Himſelf a Convert in his bleeding eyes.
Would thaw the rabble, that fierce beaſt of ours,
(That which *Ægena*-like weeps and devours)
Tears that flow blackiſh from their ſouls within,
Not to repent, but pickle up their ſin.
Mean time no ſqualid grief his look defiles,
He guilds his ſadder fate with noble ſmiles.
Thus the worlds eye with reconciled ſtreams
Shines in his ſhowers as if he wept his beams.
How could ſucceſs ſuch villanies applaud?
The State in *Strafford* fell, the Church in *Laud*:
The twins of publike rage, adjudg'd to die,
For Treaſons they ſhould act, by Prophecy.
The Facts were done before the Laws were made,
The trump turn'd up after the game was plai'd.
Be dull great ſpirits, and forbear to climb,
For worth is ſin, and eminence a crime.
No Church-man can be innocent and high,
'Tis height makes *Grantham* ſteeple ſtand a wry.

On

On I. W. A. B. of York.

SAy, my young Sophiſter, what think'ſt of this?
Chimera's reall; *Ergo Falleris.*
The Lamb and Tyger, Fox and Goos agree,
And here concorp'rate in one Prodigie.
Call an *Haruſpex* quickly; let him get
Sulphur and Torches, and a Lawrel wet,
To purifie the place, for ſure the harms
This monſter will produce, tranſcend his Charms.
'Tis Natures Maſter-piece of errour, this;
And redeems whatever ſhe did amiſs,
Before, from wonder and reproach, this laſt
Legitimateth all her by-blows paſt.
Lo here a General Metropolitan
An Arch-Prelatique Presbyterian.
Behold his pious Garbs, Canonique Face,
A zealous *Epiſcopo-maſtix* Grace;
A fair blew-apron'd Prieſt, Lawn-ſleev'd brother,
One Leg a Pulpet holds, a Tub the other.
Let's give him a fit name now, if we can,
And make th' Apoſtate once more Chriſtian.
Proteus we cannot call him; he put on
His change of ſhapes by a Succeſſion;
Nor the *Welch Weather-cock*; for that we find,
At once doth onely wait upon the wind:

These speak him not; but if you'l name him right,
Call him *Religious Hermaphrodite.*
His head i'th sanctified mould is cast,
Yet sticks th' abominable Miter fast,
He still retains the *Lordship* and the *Grace*,
And yet has got a reverend Elders place.
Such acts must needs be his, who did divise
By crying Altars down, to sacrifice
To private malice; where you might have seen
His conscience holocausted to his spleen.
Unhappy Church! the Viper that did share
Thy greatest honours, helps to make thee bare,
And void of all thy dignities and store.
Alas! thine own son proves the Forrest-boar;
And like the Dam-destroying Cuckow, he,
When the thick shell of his Welsh pedigree,
By thy warm fost'ring bounty did divide
And open, straight thence sprung forth parricide:
As if 'twas just revenge should be dispatcht
In thee, by th' Monster, which thy self hadst hatcht.
Despair not though; in Wales there may be got,
As well as Lincolnshire an antidote,
'Gainst the foul'st venom he can spit, though's head
Were chang'd from subtil gray to poys'nous red.
Heaven with propitious eyes will look upon
Our party, now the curs'd thing is gone;
And chastise Rebels, who nought else did miss
To fill the measure of their sins, but his;
Whose foul imparrallel'd apostasie,
Like to his sacred character, shall be

Indelible

Indelible; when ages then of late
More happy grown, with moſt impartial fate,
A period to his dayes and time ſhall give,
He by ſuch Epitaphs as this ſhall live.

Here Yorks *great* Metropolitan *is laid*,
Who Gods Anointed, *and his* Church *betraid*,

Mark Anthony.

WHen as the Nightingale chanted her Veſpers,
And the wild Foreſter couch'd on the ground
Venus invited me in th'Evening whiſpers,
Unto a fragrant field with Roſes crown'd:
Where ſhe before had ſent
My wiſhes complement,
Unto my hearts content,
Plaid with me on the Green,
Never Mark Anthony
Dallied more wantonly
With the fair Egyptian Queen.

First on her cherry cheeks I mine eyes feasted,
Then fear of surfeiting made me retire:
Next on her warm lips, which when I tasted,
My duller spirits made active as fire.
Then we began to dart
Each at anothers heart,
Arrows that knew no smart:
Sweet lips and smiles between.
Never Mark, &c.

Wanting a glass to plate her amber tresses,
Which like a bracelet rich decked mine arm,
Gawdier then *Juno* wears when as she graces
Jove with embraces more stately than warm.
Then did she peep in mine
Eyes humour Christalline;
I in her eyes was seen,
As if we one had been.
Never Mark, &c.

Mystical Grammar of amorous glances,
Feeling of pulses the Physick of Love,
Rhetorical courtings, and Musical Dances;
Numbring of kisses Arithmetick prove.
Eyes like Astronomy,
Streight limb'd Geometry:
In her hearts ingeny
Our wits are sharp and keen.
Never Mark, &c.

The Authors Mock-Song to MARK ANTHONY.

WHen as the Night-raven ſung Pluto's Mattins
And *Cerberus* cried three Amens at a houl.
When night-wandring Witches put on their pat-
Mid-night as dark as their faces are foul: (tins,
Then did the furies doom
That the night-mare was come;
Such a miſ-ſhapen Groom
Puts down *Su. Pomfret* clean.
Never did Incubus
Touch ſuch a filthy Sus,
As this foul Gypſie Quean.

Firſt on her goosberry cheeks I mine eyes blaſted;
Thence fear of vomiting made me retire
Unto her blewer lips, which when I taſted,
My ſpirits were duller than Dun in the mire.
But then her breath took place,
Which went an uſhers pace,
And made way for her face;
You may gueſs what I mean.
Never did Incubus
Touch ſuch a filthy Sus,
As this foul Gypſie Quean.

Like Snakes ingendring were plated her treſſes,
Or like ſlimy ſtreaks of ropy ale;
Uglier than Envy wears, when ſhe confeſſes
Her head is periwig'd with adders tail.
But as ſoon as ſhe ſpake,
I heard a harſh Mandrake:
Laugh not at my miſtake,
Her head is Epicæne.
Never did, &c.

Myſtical Magick of conjuring wrinckles,
Feeling of pulſes, the Palmeſtry of Hags,
Scolding out belches for *Rhetorick* twinckles,
With three teeth in her head like to three gags.
Rainbows about her eyes,
And her noſe weather-wiſe,
From them th' Almanack lies,
Froſt Pond, and *Rivers* clean.
Never did, &c.

How

How the COMMENCEMENT grows new.

IT is no *Curranto*-news I undertake,
New teacher of the town I mean not to make,
No New England voyage, my muſe does intend.
No new fleet, no bold fleet, nor bonny fleet ſend:
But if you'l be pleas'd to hear but this ditty
Ile tell you ſome news as true and as Witty;
And how the Commencement grows new.

See how the Symony-Doctours abound,
All crowding to throw away forty pound,
They'l now in their wives ſtammel-petticoats va-
Without any need of an Argument draper, (per,
Beholding to none he neither beſeeches,
This friend for ven'ſon, nor tother for Speeches.
And ſo the Commencement grows new.

Every twice a day teaching Gaffer
Brings up his Eaſter book to Chaffer,
Nay ſome take degrees who never had ſteeple,
Whoſe means like degrees comes from placets of
They come to the fair & at the firſt pluck, (people,
The Toll-man *Barnaby* ſtrikes 'um good luck.
And ſo the Commencement grows new.

The Country Parſons come not up
On Tueſday night in their old Colledge to ſup,

Their

Their bellyes and table books equally full,
The next Lecture dinner their notes forth to pull
How bravely the *Margaret* Profeſſor diſputed,
The Homylies urg'd, and the ſchool-men confuted.
And ſo the Commencement grows new.

The Inceptor brings not his father, the clown,
To look with his mouth at his Grogoram gown,
With like admiration to eat roaſted beef,
Which invention pos'd his beyond-Trent-beleif:
Who ſhould he but hear our Organs once ſound,
Could ſcarce keep his hoof from Sallingers round.
And ſo the Commencement grows new.

The Gentlemã cões not to ſhew us his ſattin, (tin,
To look wᵗʰ ſome Judgmẽt at him that ſpeaks lat-
To be angry with him that makes not his cloaths,
To Anſwer O Lord Sʳ and talke play books oaths,
And at the next Bear-bayting full (of his ſack)
To tell his Comrades our diſciplin's ſlack.
And ſo the Commencement grows new.

We have no Prevaricators wit,
Ay marrry Sʳ, when have we had any yet?
Beſides no ſerious Oxford men comes,
To cry down the uſe of Jeſting and Hums.
Our ballad, beleive't, is no ſtranger than true,
Mun Salter is ſober, and *Jack Martin* too.
And ſo the Commencement grows new.

J. C.

The

The Hue and Cry after Sir *John Presbyter.*

WIth Hair in Characters, and Lugs in Text;
With a ſplay mouth and a noſe circumflext:
With a ſet Ruff of Musket bore, that wears
Like Cartrages, or linnen Bandileers,
Exhauſted of their ſulphurous Contents,
In Pulpit fire-works, which that Bombal vents;
The *Negative* and *Covenanting* Oath,
Like two Muſtachoes, iſſuing from his mouth;
The Buſh upon his chin, (like a carv'd ſtory,
In a Box knot) cut by the *Directory*;
Madams Confeſſion hanging at his ear, (*Where*,
Wire-drawn through all the queſtions, *How* and
Each circumſtance, ſo in the hearing Felt,
That when his ears are cropt, he l count them gelt;
The weeping Caſſock ſcar'd into a Jump,
A ſign the *Presbyter's* worn to the ſtump:
The *Presbyter*, though charm'd againſt miſchance
With the *Divine right* of an *Ordinance*.
If you meet any that do thus attire'em,
Stop them, they are the tribe of Adoniram.
VVhat zealous Frenzie did the *Senate* ſeize,
That tare the *Rotchet* to ſuch Rags as theſe?
Epiſcopacy minc't, Reforming *Tweed*
Hath ſent us *Runts*, even of her Churches breed;
Lay-interlining *Clergy*, a Device
That's nick-name to the ſtuff call'd *Lops* and *Lice*.

The

The Beaſt at wrong end branded, you may trace
The Devils foot-ſteps in his cloven Face.
A Face of ſeveral Pariſhes and ſorts,
Like to a Sergeant ſhav'd at Inns of Court.
What mean the *Elders* elſe, thoſe Kirk *Dragoons*,
Made up of *Ears* and *Ruffs* like *Ducatoons*?
That *Hierarchy* of *Handicrafts* begun?
Thoſe new *Exchange-men* of *Religion*?
Sure they're the *Antick heads*, which plac'd without
The Church, do gape and diſembogue a ſpout:
Like them above the *Commons Houſe*, have bin
So long without, now both are gotten in;
Then, what Imperious in the Biſhop ſounds,
The ſame the Scotch Executor rebounds.
This ſtating *Prelacy*, the *Claſſick* Rout,
That ſpake it often, ere it ſpake it out
So by an Abbies Scheleton of late,
I heard an Eccho Supererogate
Through imperfection, and the voice reſtore,
As if ſhe had the hicp o're and o're.
Since they our mixt Dioceſans combine
Thus to ride double in their Dicipline;
That Pauls *ſhall to the* Conſiſtory *call*
A Dean *and* Chapter *out of* Weavers-Hall,
Each at the Ordinance for to aſſiſt
With the five thumbs *of his* great-changing *Fiſt.*
Down Dagon Synod *with thy motley ware,*
Whilſt we do ſwagger for the Common-Prayer.
That Dove-like Embaſsie, that wings our ſence
To heavens gate in ſhape of innocence.

Pray

Pray for the Miter'd Authors, and deſie
The ſe Demicaſters *of Divinity.*
For where Sir John *with* Jack-*of-all-trades joyns,*
His Finger's thicker than the Prelat's *Loyns.*

The Antiplatonick.

FOr ſhame, thou everlaſting Woer,
Still ſaying Grace, and never falling to her!
Love that's in Contemplation plac't,
Is *Venus* drawn but to the Waſt.
Unleſs your Flame confeſs its Gender,
And your Parley cauſe ſurrender;
Y'are Salamanders of a cold deſire,
That live untouch't amid the hotteſt fire.

What though ſhe be a Dame of ſtone,
The Widow of *Pigmalion*;
As hard and un-relenting ſhe,
As the new-cruſted *Niobe*;
Or what doth more of Statue carry
A Nunne of the Platonick Quarry?
Love melts the rigor which the rocks have bred,
A Flint will break upon a Feather-bed.

For ſhame you pretty Female Elves,
Ceaſe for to Candy up your ſelves:
No more, you Sectaries of the Game,
No more of your calcining flame.

Wo-

Women Commence by *Cupids* Dart,
As a King Hunting dubs a Hart.
Loves Votaries in thrall each others soul,
Till both of them live but upon Parol.

Vertue's no more in Woman-kind
But the green-sickness of the mind.
Philosophy, their new delight,
A kind of Char-coal Appetite,
There's no Sophistry prevails,
Where all-convincing Love assails;
But the disputing Petticoat will Warp,
As skilfull Gamesters are to seek at Sharp.

The Souldier, that man of Iron,
Whom Ribs of *Horror* all inviron;
That's strung with Wire, instead of Veins,
In whose imbraces you're in chains,
Let a Magnetick Girl appear,
Straight he turns *Cupids* Cuirasseer.
Love storms his lips, and takes the Fortress in,
For all the Brisled Turn-pikes of his chin.

Since Loves Artillery then checks
The Breast-works of the firmest Sex,
Come let's in Affections Riot,
Th'are sickly pleasures keep a Diet.
Give me a Lover bold and free,
Not Eunuch't with Formality;
Like an Embassador that beds a Queen,
With the Nice Caution of a sword between.

FUS.

FUSCARA;

OR

The BEE Errant.

NAtures Confectioner, the *Bee*,
Whoſe ſuckets are moyſt *Alchimie:*
The Still of his refining mould,
Minting the Garden into Gold;
Having rifled all the fields
Of what dainties *Flora* yields,
Ambitious now to take Exciſe
Of a more fragrant Paradiſe,
At my *Fuſcara*'s ſleeve ariv'd,
Where all delicious ſweets are hiv'd.
The ayrie Free-booter diſtreins
Firſt on the Violets of her Veins,
Whoſe tinckture could it be more pure,
His ravenous Kiſs had made it bluer:
Here did he ſit, and Eſſence quaff,
Till her coy Pulſe had beat him off.
That Pulſe, which he that feels may know
Whether the World's long-liv'd or no.
The next he preys on is her Palm,
That Alm'ner of tranſpiring balm;
So ſoft, 'tis ayr but once remov'd,
Tender as 'twere a Jellie glov'd.
Here while his canting drone-pipe ſcan'd
The myſtick figures of her hand

He

He tipples Palmeſtry and dives
On all her fortune telling lives.
He bathes in bliſs, and finds no odds
Betwixt her Nectar, and the Gods.
He perches now upon her wriſt,
A Proper hawk for ſuch a fiſt.
Making that fleſh his bill of fare
Which hungry Canibals would ſpare.
Where Lillyes in a lovely brown
In oculate Carnation.
He *Argent* skin with *or* ſo ſtream'd
As if the milky way were cream'd.
From hence he to the wood-bine bends
That quivers at her fingers ends,
That runs diviſion on the tree
Like a thick branching pedegree.
So 'tis not her the Bee devours,
It is a pretty maze of flowers,
It is the roſe that bleeds when he
Nibbles his nice Phlebotomy.
About her finger he doth cling
I'th' faſhion of a wedding ring.
And bids his Comrades of the ſwarm
Crawl as a brace-let 'bout her arm.
Thus when the hovering Publican
Had ſuck'd the Toll of all her ſpan,
Tuning his draughts with drowſy hums,
As Danes carowſe by Kettle-drums,
It was decreed that poſy glean'd,
The ſmall familiar ſhould be wean'd

At this the Errants Courage quails,
Yet ayded by his native ſayls
The bold *Columbus* ſtill deſignes
To find her undiſcovered mynes:
To th' *Indies* of her arm he flyes
Fraught both with Eaſt and Weſtern prize,
Which when he had in vain aſſayd,
Arm'd like a dapper Lance-preſade
With *Spaniſh* pike, he broacht a pore,
And ſo both made and heal'd the ſore:
For as in Gummy trees there's found
A ſalve to iſſue at the wound,
Of this her breach the like was true,
Hence trickled out a balſom too:
But oh! what waſpe was't that could prove
Ratitlias to my *Queen of Love*?
The King of Bees now's jealous grown
Leſt her beams ſhould melt his throne:
And finding that his Tribute ſlacks,
His Burgeſſes and ſtate of wax
Turn'd to an Hoſpital, the Combes
Built rank and file, like Beads-mens rooms,
And what they bleed but tart and ſowre,
Matcht with my *Danaes* golden ſhowre,
Live-Hony all, the Envyous Elfe
Stung her, cauſe ſweeter than himſelf.
Sweetneſs and ſhe are ſo ally'd
The *Bee* committed parricide.

ELEGIE

Upon Dr CHADERTON,

The First Master of *Emanuel* Colledge in *Cambridge*, being above an hundred years old when he died.

Occasioned by his long deferred

FUNERAL.

PArdon (dear Saint) that we so late,
With lazy sighs bemoan thy fate;
And with an after-showr of verse,
And tears, we thus bedew thy herse:
Till now (alas) we did not weep,
Because we thought thou didst but sleep:
Thou liv'dst so long we did not know,
Whether thou couldst now dy or No:
We lookt still, when thou shouldst arise
And ope the casements of thine eyes:
Thy feet, which have been us'd so long
To walk, we thought must still go on;
Thine ears after an Hundred year,
Might now plead Custom for to hear:

Upon

Upon thy head that reverend ſnow,
Did dwell ſome fifty years a go,
And then thy cheeks did ſeem to have
The ſad reſemblance of a grave.
Wert thou ere yong? for truth I hold,
And do believe Thou wert born Old,
Ther's none alive I'm ſure can ſay
They knew thee yong, but always gray:
And doſt thou now venerable Oak
Decline at deaths unhappy ſtroak?
Tell me (Dear ſon) why didſt thou dye,
And leave us to write an Elegie?
We are yong (alas) and know thee not,
Send up Old *Abram* and grave *Lot*,
Let them write thy Epitaph, and Tell
The world thy worth, They Kend thee well:
When they were boys they heard thee preach,
And thought an Angel did them teach.
Awake them then, and let them come,
And ſcore thy virtues on thy tomb,
That we at thoſe may wonder more,
Than at thy many years before.

MARIES SPIKE-NARD.

SHall I preſume
Without PERFUME
My CHRIST to meet
That is ALL SWEET?
NO, Ile make moſt pleaſant poſies,
Catch the *breath* of *new blown roſes*,
Top the pretty merry flowers,
Which *laugh* in the *fayreſt bowers*,
Whoſe *ſweetneſs* Heaven likes ſo well,
It *ſtoops* each morn to take a ſmell.
Then Ile fetch from the *Phœnix* neaſt
The *richeſt ſpices*, and the *beſt*,
Pretious oyntments I will make,
Holy mirrh and *aloes* take;
Yea *Coſtly ſpikenard* in whoſe ſmell
The *ſweetneſs* of *all Odours dwell*,

Ile

Ile get a *box* to keep it in,
Pure, as his *alabaſtar skin*,
And then, to him Ile *nimbly* fly
Before *one ſickly minute dy*:
This *box* Ile *break*, and on *his head*
This pretious oyntment will I ſpread;
'Till ev'ry lock, and ev'ry Hair
For ſweetneſs with his breath Compare:
But (ſure) the odour of his skin
Smells ſweeter than the ſpice I bring.
  Then with bended knee Ile greet
His holy and beloved feet;
Ile waſh them with a weeping eye,
And then my lips ſhall kiſs them dry;
Or for a towel he ſhall have
My haire, ſuch flax as nature gave.
  But if my wanton locks be bold,
And on thy ſacred feet take hold,
And curl themſelves about, as though
They were loath for to let thee go,
  O chide them not and bid away,
  For then for greif they will grow gray.

LETTERS

SIR

THough I have no reason to be guilty of much good meaning to your Garrison, yet I thought it not unfit to tell you, that on Friday last, one Hill by name, in no other condition than my servant entred your Ark, and with him of my monies 133-0-8 this precise sum I was willing you should know, supposing your wisdom might own the monies, though your honesties could hardly allow the act. Which if so, and that hereafter we shall find it noe sin to violate your sanctuary, and upon the Audit find the receipt, we may happily account it a lone and not a loss, it being in hands responsable for greater matters. And now, sir, let me speak to you as a judge, not as an advocate, give the fellow his just reward, prefer him, or send him hither, and we shall; if you dare not trust him, let him be trussed. If you dare, I shall wish you more such servants; and for that onely reason excuse me for the present, that I dare not say I am yours.

W. E.

The Answer.

Sixtly, beloved Is it so, that our Brother and fellow-labourer in the Gospel is start aside? then this may serve for an use of instruction, not to trust in man, nor in the son of man. Did not *Demas* leave *Paul*? Did not *Onesimus* run from his master *Philemon*. Besides this should teach us to employ our talents, and not to lay them up in a napkin. Had it been done among the Cavileers, it had been just then the Israelite had spoild the Egyptian: but for *Simeon* to plunder *Levi*, that--that--! You see sir what use I make of the doctrine you sent me, and indeed since you change style so far as to nibble at Wit, you must pardon it to quit scores. I pretend a little to a gift in preaching. Sir I expected to hear from you in the Phrase of the lost Groat and the prodigal son, and in such a *tantum* of Language, but I perceive your communication is not alwaies yea, yea, now and then a little Harlotrie Rhetorick: you say that your man is entered our Ark, I am sorry you were so ignorant in Scripture as to let him come single, The text had been better satisfied if you had pleased to bear him company, for then the beasts had entered by couples. But though he came alone, yet well lyn'd it seems a 133 0 8. sure the Hue and cry had good lungs, it would have been out of breath else before it had reach'd the 8. Thus is the sum, but why you call it precise sum, since it is falne away I understand not: But how come

you

you to reckon ſo punctually? Did *Ananias* tell it upon the table dormant; what year of the perſecution of the ſaints? I wonder you did not rather count it by the ſheckels, that's the more ſanctified coyn. I take it you are miſtaken in the ſanctuary you ſpeak of. For that which your man has taken is *Webbeck*, one of our chapples of eaſe, not the mother Church our Garriſon of *Newark*. But the beſt is, they are both without the reach of your ſacriledge. Whereas you account the loſs but a lone, we ſhall grant as a debt, but bearing the ſame date of payment as that which you borrowed on the publick Faith. I ſuſpect your hand was troubled with the Palſey when you wrote of a Judge: your man however ſhall find me an advocate, ſo what ſay you to an occaſional meditation? Reflect but upon your ſelf how you have uſed our common maſter, and I doubt not but then you will pardon your man, he hath but tranſcrib'd and coppied out the diſloyalty his maſter and his fraternitie had taught him: and to conclude with your own, I wiſh you more ſuch ſervants and more ſuch ſums to be deriv'd to their proper channel, from whence 'tis imaginable that was purloyn'd.

I. C.

SIR

SIR

HAd not indulgent mercy provided for troubled ſpirits ſacred Oracles, how troubled had you been to contrive ſomething worthy of laughter? How eaſily had the expence of your wit been truſſed up in an Egg-ſhell. I dare not trace in holy ground; 'tis not ſafe nibbling there; you ſee what doctrine I make of your uſe. But yet ſo far as yours is profane, give me leave to nibble at wit, though I dare not undertake like a mighty Coloſs (whoſe every motion doth Cleave-Land like terrā findere, to devour indigeſted lumps of wit, as the Cyclops men at a morſell, and then retail it out as the Jugler doth Inckle by the yard, all in Character, and by Couples entring the ark upon account. Yet allow me to nibble, and Ile allow you the gift in preaching. Pity it is the proviſion of ſo many ſavory leſſons, wholeſome inſtructions, even ſo many pious collections, as might worthily entituled you to the comfortable ſubſiſtance of a well gleb'd vicaridge, beſides the advantage of a wit, which would require another wit to tell how great ſuch a divine knowledge, as might enable you to prophane every leaf of holy writ, unknown ſanctity, and a conſcience ſo tender, I dare not touch, Pity it is ſuch accompliſh'd gifts, and prodigious parts ſhould be miſimploy'd in ſecular affairs, ſuch an holy Father might have begot as many Babes for the Mother-Church of Newark as your party hath of late done Garriſons, and converted as many ſouls as Chaucers Fryer, with the ſhoulder-bone of the loſt ſheep. But you ſay you expected;

I thought you had had more than you expected; but however you expected penitentiall language, and humble ſtile. The groat I will not meddle with, 'tis holy coyn, an addreſs full of complaints. Sir, we (like your ſelves) can ſpeak bigg of our loſſes, and yet with more ingenuitie confeſs them: Though I for modeſty will not ask you who ſtole from you of late a fort-town, or who ran away with the King, but of that--for that preciſe ſum, I ſee you are willing to quarrel at preciſeneſs, it was to tell you revenge would have transformed it upon your very----How you quarrel at your good, Had you miſtaken him for a tax-gatherer, and eas'd him of his portage before he arrived at your Chappel of eaſe, I would not you ſhould have abated him, a fourth part for his forwardneſs, and put it upon the file of Contribution for his Majeſties good Garriſon of Newark, *I ſhould have liked the ſecuritie well, and when your works had fail'd to ſave you, expected a return upon the publick faith, the meditation whereof puts me upon this advice, think not prophaneſs can compact with mudd to caſt up a trench of ſecurity, attempt not, though a Gyant, to reach at ſtars, to throw that proverb at you.*

Be wiſe on this ſide heaven.

The Answer.

THE Philosopher, that never laughed but once, when he saw an Ass mumbling of thistles, would have broke his spleen at the rejoinder of yours, for who would not take that for an Emblem of this, observing how gingerly and with what caution you nibble at my letter, lest it should prick your chopps. But something must needs be reply'd: Repetitions are usuall with the saints at *Grantham*. I look upon your letter as a Spittle sermon, where I perceive your ambition how you would prove your self a clean beast, because you know how to chew the cudd: For the first sentence, where you speak of troubled spirits and sacred Oracles, you talk as if you were in *Doll Commons* extasy, certainly your spirit is troubled, else your expression had not run so muddy: for never was Oracle more ambiguous if possibly, to be reconciled to sence. The wit which you say may be trussed up in an eg-shell, I fear your ovall crown hath scarce capacitie to contain, you disclaim being a Colosse, content, I have as diminitive thoughts of you as you please. I take you for a Jack of Lent, and my pen shall make of you accordingly three throws for a penny. But you cannot *Cleave-Land* like *terram findere*. O what a chargeable commoditie is wit at *Grantham*, where the poore writer play's the Pimp, and Jumbles two Languages together in unlawfull sheets

for

for the production of a quibble. But I applaud your cunning, the more unknown the town is you jeſt in, your wit will be the better; And why cannot you *Cleave* the *Land* tread but hard, and your cloven foot will cleave its impreſſion; you talk of Cyclops and Juglers, Indeed hard words are the Juglers dialect, but take heed, the time may come, when unleſs you play *preſto begon*, your run-away-King may cauſe you Juglers-wiſe to diſgorge your fate, and vomit a rope inſtead of Inkle. But to eccho your compaſſion, and return you an inventory of your good party; is it not pity the pure extract of ſanctified *Emanuel*, parboyled there in the pipkin of Predeſtination, and ſince well read in the ſick mans ſalve & the crums of comfort, and liberally fed with all the minced meat in Divinitie. Is it not pity ſuch a pious gogle at the Eye, ſuch a melodious twang at the noſe, ſuch a ſplay mouth drawn dry, as it were, edefiing the Ear in private, beſides cheverall lungs which will ſtretch for ſo far as a ſeventeenthly. Is it not pity theſe gallant ingredients of modern devotion, which might juſtly have qualified you for a tub-lecture, and in time have enlarged your Dioceſs as that of Hidebery, that theſe ineffable parts that paſs all underſtanding, ſhould thus be ſequeſtred from the primitive uſe, and of a godly Lance-preſſade in the Church militant, be converted to a brother of the Blade, ſuch a walking dyrectory, ſuch a zealous *Roger* as this, might

have ſaved more ſouls than ever *Sampſon* ſlew, and with the ſame Engine, the Jaw-bone of an Aſs: your pen is coy, & you wave the holy ground, and the holy coyn with a ſquemiſh preterition: I am glad to hear you acknowledge there is an holy ground, for then I hope *Hotham's* barn is not as good a congregation as Saint *Paul's*; for the holy coyn you muſt pardon me if I ſuſpect the chaſtity of your fingers, I am ſure thoſe of your party have been troubled with fellons, Witneſs the church-revenues, and ſeverall ſacriledges that cannot be pared off with your nails: But there is another reaſon why I abſtain from the Ignominie of the ſaints. You were in hopes to retreive your money, but verily, verily, never ſprings the partridge. You would have had your man taken for a tax-gatherer, Lord, how the ſtyle alters, the man when he was with you, was one of the Scribes and Phariſies, and here he muſt paſs for a Publican & ſinner. Sir, we caſt up no trench of ſecurity, though we might have dirt enough in your language to do it, and yet we hope to be ſaved by our works, for all the ſtrength of your Faith, whereby you hold your ſelves able to remove mountains: for your advice not to throw ſtars at your head, I imbrace it, for what need I, as long as there is goos-ſhot to be had for money, my wit ſhall be on what ſide heaven you pleaſe: provided, it be always Antartick to yours: for the appellation of Giant I accept it, onely I am ſorry,

that

that I am not he with the hundred hands, that I might ſo often ſubſcribe my ſelf.

Sir

your ſervant

Jo. Cl.

FINIS.

I AP 57

2.

THE CHARACTER OF A London-Diurnall.

BRITISH MUSEUM

A *Diurnall* is a puny Chronicle, Carry'd pin-feather'd with the wings of time: It is an history in *sippets*, the Englisn *Iliads* in a nut-shell; the *Apochryphall Parliaments* book of *Maccabees* in single sheets. It would be a *Welch pedigree*, to reckon how many *aps* 'tis removed from an *Annall*: For it is of that *Extract*; only of the *younger House*, like a *Shrimp* to a *Lobster*. The *originall sinner* in this kind was Dutch, *Galliobelgicus* the *Protoplast*; and the *modern Mercuries* but *Hans en Kelders*. The Countesse of *Zealand* was brought to bed of an *Almanack*, as many children as dayes in the year. It may be the *Legislative Lady* is of that linage; so she pawns the *Diurnalls*, and they at *Westminster* take them in by the names of *Scoticus*, *Civicus*, *Britannicus*. In the Frontispice of the old *Beldame-Diurnal*, like the *Contents* of the *Chapter*, sits the *House of Commons*, judging the twelve *Tribes* of *Israel* You may call them the *Kingdoms Anatomy* before the *weekly Kalendar*: For such is a *Diurnall*, the day of the *moneth*, with what weather in the *Common-wealth*. 'Tis taken for the pulse of the *Body politike*, and the *Emperick Divines* of the *Assembly*, those *Spirituall Dragooners*, thumb it accordingly. Indeed it is a pretty *Synopsis*; and those *grave Rabbies* (though in point of *Divinity*) trade in no larger *Authors*. The *Country-Carrier*, when he buyes it for the

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Vicar, miſcalls it the *Vrinall*: yet properly enough; for it caſts the water of the *State*, ever ſince it ſtaled blood. It differs from an *Aulicus*, as the *Devill* and his *Exorciſt*; or as a *black Witch* doth from a *white* one, whoſe office is to unravell her *inchantments*.

It begins uſually with an *Ordinance*, which is a *Law ill-born*, dropt before quickned by the *Royall aſſent*: 'Tis one of the *Parliaments by-blowes*, (*Acts* being legitimate) and hath no more Syre then a *Spaniſh Gennet*, that's begotten by the wind.

Thus their *Militia* (like its patron *Mars*) is the iſſue only of the *Mother*, without the concourſe of *Royall Jupiter*. Yet *Law* it is, if they *vote* it, though in defiance of their *Fundamentalls*; like the old *Sexton*, who ſwore his *Clock* went true, what ever the *Sun* ſaid to the contrary.

The next *Ingredient* of a *Diurnall* is *plots*, *horrible plots*; which with wonderfull ſagacity it hunts drie-foot, while they are yet in their *cauſes*, before *Materia prima* can put on her ſmock. How many ſuch fits of the Mother have troubled the *Kingdoms*, and (for all Sir *Walter Erle* looks like a Man-Midwife) not yet delivered of ſo much as a *cuſhion*! But *Actors* muſt have their *Properties*; And, ſince the *Stages* were voted down, the only *Play-houſe* is at *Weſtminſter*.

Sutable to their plots are their *Informers*, *Skippers* and *Taylors*; *Spaniells* both for the *land* and *water*: *Good conſcionable Intelligence!* For, however *Pym's* Bill may *inflame the reckoning*, the *honeſt vermine* have not ſo much for *lying* as the *publike Faith*.

Thus a *zealous Botcher* in *Moorefields*, while he was contriving ſome *Quirpo-cut* of *Church-Government*, by the help of his *out-lying Eares*, and the *Otacouſticon* of the *Spirit*, diſcovered ſuch a *plot*, that *Selden* intends to combate *Antiquity*, and maintain it was a *Taylors Gooſe* that preſerved the *Capitol*.

I wonder my Lord of *Canterbury* is not once more all-to-betraytor'd for dealing with the *Lions*, to ſettle the *Commiſſion of Array* in the *Tower*. It would do well to cramp the *Articles dormant*, beſides the opportunity of reforming thoſe *Beaſts of the Prerogative*, and changing their *prophaner names* of *Harry* and *Charles*, into *Nehemiah* and *Eleazar*.

Suppoſe a *Corn-cutter*, being to give little *Iſaac* a *caſt of his Office*, ſhould fall to paring his *Browes*, miſtaking the one end for the other, becauſe he *branches* at both. This would be a *plot*; and the next *Diurnall* would furniſh you with this ſcale of Votes.

Reſolved upon the Queſtion, that this act of the *Corn-cutters* was an abſolute invaſion of the *Cities Charter*, in the *repreſentative forchead* of *Iſaac*.

Reſolved, that the evill Councellours about the *Corn-cutter* are Popiſhly affected, and enemies to the *State*.

Reſolved, that there be a *publike Thankſgiving* for the great deliverance of *Iſaac's Brow-antlers*; and a *ſolemn Covenant* drawn up, to defie the *Corn-cutter* and all his works.

Thus the *Quixots* of this age fight with the *Windmills* of their own heads; quell *Monſters* of their own creation, make *plots*, and then diſcover them; as who fitter to unkennell the *Fox*, then the *Tarryer*, that is a part of him.

In the third place march their *Adventures*; the *Roundheads Legend*, the *Rebells Romance*; ſtories of a larger ſize, then the ears of their *Sect*; able to ſtrangle the belief of a *Soli-fidian*.

I'le preſent them in their order; and firſt, as a *Whiffler* before the ſhow, enter *Stamford*, one that trod the ſtage with the firſt, travers'd his ground, made a leg, and *Exit*. The *Countrey-people* took him for one that by *Order* of the *Houſes* was to dance a *Morice* through the Weſt of *England*. Well, he's a *nimble Gentleman*; ſet him but upon *Banks* his *horſe* in a *ſaddle rampant*,

and it is a great queſtion, which part of the Centaur ſhews better tricks.

There was a Vote paſſing to tranſlate him, with all his Equipage, into Monumentall-Ginger-bread; but it was croſs'd by the Female-Committee, alledging that the Valour of his Image would bite their children by the tongues.

This Cubit and an half of Commander, by the help of a *Diurnall*, routed his enemies fifty miles off: 'tis ſtrange you'l ſay, and yet it is generally believed, he would as ſoon do it at that diſtance, as nearer hand. Sure it was his ſword, for which the weapon ſalve was invented; that ſo wounding and healing like loving *Correlates*, might both work at the ſame removes.

But the Squib is run to the end of the Rope. Room for the *Prodigy of Valour*, *Madam Atropos* in breeches, *Wallers* Knight errantry: and, becauſe every *Mountebank* muſt have his *Zany*, throw him in *Haſlerigge*, to ſet off his ſtory: theſe two like *Bel* and the *Dragon*, are alwaies worſhipped in the ſame Chapter: they hunt in their Couples, what one doth at the head, the other ſcores up at the heel.

Thus they kill a man over and over, as *Hopkins* and *Sternhold* murder the Pſalms, with another to the ſame; one chimes all in, and then the other ſtrikes up as the Saints bell.

I wonder, for how many lives my Lord *Hopton* took the Leaſe of his body.

Firſt, *Stamford* ſlew him: then *Waller* out-killed that half a Bar, and yet it is thought the ſullen corps would ſcarce bleed, were both theſe man-ſlayers never ſo near it.

The fame goes of a Dutch-Headſ-man, that he would do his office with ſo much eaſe and dexterity, that the Head after execution ſhould ſtand ſtill upon the ſhoulders: pray God Sir *William* be not Probationer for the

the place. For, as if he had the like knack too, moſt of thoſe, whom the *Diurnall* hath ſlain for him, to us poor Mortalls ſeem untoucht.

Thus the Artificers of Death can kill the man, without wounding the body, like Lightning that melts the ſword, and never ſinges the Scabbard.

This is the *William*, whoſe Lady is the *Conqueror*; This is the *Cities Champion*, and the *Diurnalls Delight*, he, that Cuckolds the Generall in his Commiſſion: for, he ſtalks with *Eſſex*, and ſhoots under his Belly, becauſe his Excellency himſelf is not charged there. Yet in all this triumph there is a Whip and a Bell: tranſlate but the Scene to *Round-way-down*: There *Haſlerigg's* Lobſters were turned into Crabs, and crawl'd backwards: there poor Sir *William* ran to his Lady for a uſe of conſolation.

But the *Diurnall* is weary of an arm of Fleſh, and now begins an *Hoſanna* to *Cromwel*, one that hath beat up his Drums clean through the Old Teſtament: you may learn the Genealogy of our Saviour, by the names in his Regiment. The Muſtar-maſter uſes no other Liſt then the firſt Chapter of *Matthew*.

With what face can they object to the King the bringing in of Forrainers, when themſelves entertain ſuch an Army of *Hebrews*? this *Cromwel* is never ſo valorous, as when he is making Speeches for the Aſſociation; which nevertheleſſe he doth ſomewhat ominouſly, with his neck awry, holding up his ear, as if he expected *Mahomet's* Pigeon to come and prompt him. He ſhould be a bird of Prey too, by his bloody beak: his Noſe is able to try a young Eagle, whether ſhe be lawfully begotten. But all is not gold that gliſters: What we wonder at in the reſt of them is naturall to him, To kill without blood-ſhed: for, moſt of his Trophees are in a Church-window, when a Looking-glaſſe would ſhew him more Superſtition. He is ſo perfect a hater of Images, that he

hath defaced God's in his own *countenance*. If he deale with men, 'tis when he takes them napping in an *old Monument*: then down goes *duſt and aſhes*: and the ſtouteſt *Cavalier* is no better. O *brave Oliver! Times Voider, Sub-ſizer* to the *Worms*; in whom *Death*, that formerly devour'd our *Anceſtors*, now chews the cud. He ſaid Grace once, as if he would have fallen aboard with the *Marqueſſe of Newcaſtle*; nay and the *Diurnall* gave you his *bill of fare*: but it proved a *running banquet*, as appears by the ſtory. Believe him as he whiſtles to his *Cambridge*-Teem of *Committee-men*, and he doth wonders. But *holy men* (like the *holy Language*) muſt be read backwards. They rifle *Colledges*, to promote *Learning*, and pull down *Churches* for *edification*. But *Sacriledge* is intail'd upon him: There muſt be a *Cromwell* for *Cathedralls*, as well as *Abbeys*: a ſecure ſinner, whoſe offence carries its pardon in its mouth. For how can he be hanged for *Church-robbery*, which gives it ſelf the benefit of the *Clergie*?

But for all *Cromwell*'s Noſe wears the *Dominicall Letter*, compared to *Mancheſter*, he is but like the *vigils* to an *Holy-Day*. This, this is the man of God; ſo ſanctified a *Thunderbolt*, that *Burroughs*, in a proportionable blaſphemy to his *Lord of Hoſts*, would ſtile him the *Archangel*, giving battell to the *Devill*.

Indeed, as the *Angels*, each of them makes a ſeverall *ſpecies*, ſo every one of his *ſouldiers* is a diſtinct *Church*. Had theſe Beaſts been to enter into the Ark, it would have puzzled *Noah* to have ſuited them into pairs If ever there were a rope of ſand, it was ſo many Sects twiſted into an *Aſſociation*.

They agree in nothing, but they are all *Adamites* in underſtanding. It is the ſigne of a coward to *wink*, and *fight*; yet all their valor proceeds from their ignorance.

But I wonder whence their General's purity proceeds it is not by traduction: if he was begotten a Saint, it wa

as by equivocall generation: for the Devill in the father, is turn'd Monk in the son: so his godlineſſe is of the ſame parentage with good Laws; both extracted out of bad manners, and would he alter the Scripture, as he hath attempted the Creed, he might vary the Text, and ſay to Corruption, *Thou art my Father.*

This is he, that hath put out one of the Kingdomes eyes, by clouding our Mother-Univerſity; and (if this Scotch miſt further prevail) will extinguiſh this other. He hath the like quarrell to both, becauſe both are ſtrung with the ſame *Optick nerve*, *Knowing Loyalty*. Barbarous Rebel! who will be revenged upon all Learning, becauſe his Treaſon is beyond the Mercy of the Book.

The *Diurnall*, as yet, hath not talkt much of his Victories; but there is the more behind: For the Knight muſt alwayes beat the Giant: that's reſolv'd. If any thing fall out amiſſe which cannot be ſmothered, the *Diurnall* hath a help at Maw; it is but putting to Sea, and taking a *Daniſh Fleet*, or brewing it with ſome ſucceſſe out of *Ireland*, and it goes down merrily.

There are more Puppets that move by the wyre of a *Diurnall*, as *Brereton* and *Gell*; two of *Mars* his petty toes; ſuch ſniveling Cowards, that it is a favour to call them ſo. Was *Brereton* to fight with his teeth, as in all other things he reſembles the *Beaſt*, he would have odds of any man at the weapon: O he's a terrible ſlaughterman at a Thankſgiving-Dinner: had he been *Cannibal*, to have eaten thoſe that he vanquiſht, his Gut would have made him valiant.

The greateſt wonder is at *Fairfax*, how he comes to be a Babe of Grace. Certainly it is not in his perſonall, but (as the *State-Sophies* diſtinguiſh) in his Politick capacity; regenerated *ab extra*, by the zeal of the Houſe he ſate in; as Chickens are hatcht at *Grand Cairo*, by the adoption of an Oven.

There is the *Woodmonger* too, a feeble Crutch to a

declining Cauſe; a new Branch of the old *Oak* of *Reformation.*

And now I ſpeak of Reformation, *vous avez Fox* the Tinker, the livelieſt Embleme of it that may be: For, what did this Parliament ever go about to reform, but Tinker-wiſe, in mending one hole, they made three.

But I have not Ink enough to cure all the Tetters and Ringworms of the State.

I will cloſe up all thus: The Victories of the Rebells are like the Magicall Combat of *Apuleius*, who, thinking he had ſlain all three of his Enemies, found them at laſt but a Triumvirate of Bladders. Such, and ſo empty are the triumphs of a *Diurnall*; but ſo many impoſthumated Fancies, ſo many Bladders of their own blowing.

The

The Character of a *Country*-COMMITTEE-MAN, With the Ear-mark of a SEQUESTRATOR.

A *Committee-man by his name ſhould be one that is poſſeſſed, there's number enough in his name to make an Epithete for Legion; he is* perſona in concreto *(to borrow the ſoleciſm of a modern Stateſman) you may tranſlate it by the Red Bull phraſe, and ſpeak as properly, enter ſeven Devills* ſolus: *It is a well tranſ'd title that containes both the number and the Beaſt. For a Committee-man is a Noun of Multitude, he muſt be ſpelled with figures, like Antichriſt wrapped in a ſtire-royall of Sixes: thus the name is as monſtrous as the Man, a complete notion of the ſame linage with accumulative treaſon: For his office, it is the Heptarchy, or* Englands *Fritters; it is the broken meat of a crumbling Prince, onely the Royalty is greater; for it is here as in the miracle of loaves, the voider exceeds the Bill of fare, the Pope and he rings the changes; here is a plurality of Crowns to one head, joyn them together, and there's harmony in diſcord, the triple headed Turn-key of Heaven, with the triple headed Porter of hell. A Committee-man is the reliques of Regall Government, but (like holy Reliques) he out-bulks the ſubſtance whereof he is a remnant: there is a ſcore of Kings in a Committee, as in the reliques of the Croſſe there's the number of twenty. This is the Gyant with the hun-*

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dred hands that weilds the Scepter, the tyrannicall Bead-Roll by which the Kingdome prayes backward, and with a kind of Rebus, *at every Curse drops a Committee-man. Let* CHARLES *be wayved, whose conducing clemency aggravates the desection, and make* Nero *the question, better a* Nero *then a Committee. There's lesse execution by a single bullet then by caseshot.*

Now a Committee-man is a party-coloured Officer, he must be drawn like Janus *with Crosse and Pile in his countenance, as he relates to the Souldiers, or face about to his fleecing the country. Look upon him martially, and he is a Justice of war; one that hath bound his* Dalton *up in Buff, and will needs be of the* Quorum *to the best Commanders; he is one of* Mars *his Lay-Elders, he shares in the Government, though a Non-conformist to his bleeding Rubrick; he is the like Sectary in arms as the Platonick is in love, keeps a flattering in discourse, but proves Haggard in the action; he is not of the Souldiers, and yet of his flock; it is an Emblem of the golden Age (and such indeed he makes it) to him, when so tame a Pigeon may commerce with Vulturs. Me thinks a Committee hanging about a Governour, and Bandiliers dangling about a fur'd Alderman, have an Anagrame resemblance; there's no Syntax between a Cap of maintenance and a Helmet: Who ever knew an Enemy routed by a Grand-Jury and a* Billa vera? *It is a left-handed Garrison where their authority perches; but the more prepostorous the more in fashion: the right hand fights while the left hand rules the reines: the Truth is the Souldier, and the Gentlemen are like* Don Quixot *and* Sancho Pancha, *one fights at all adventures to purchase the other the government of the Island. A Committee-man properly should be the Governors Mastrosse to fit his truckle, and to new-string him with si. news of War for his chief use, to raise Assessements in the neighbouring Wapentake.*

The

The Country-people being like an Iriſh Cow, that will not give down her milk unleſſe ſhe ſee her Calf before her: Hence it is he is the Garriſons dry Nurſe, he chews their contribution before he feeds them; ſo the poor Souldiers live like Trochilus, *by picking the teeth of this fated Crocodile.*

So much for his warlike or ammunition face, which is ſo preternaturall, that it is rather a vizard then a face. Mars *in him hath but a blinking aſpect, his* face of Arms *is like his* Coat, partie per pale, *Souldier and Gentleman much of a ſcantling.*

Now enter his Taxing and deglubbing face, a ſqueezing look, like that of Veſpaſianus, *as if he were breeding over a cloſe-ſtoole. Take him thus, and he is the Inquiſition of the purſe; an authentick Gypſie, that nips your bung with a canting Ordinance; not a murthered fortune in all the country but bleeds at the touch of this Malefactor. He is the ſpleen of the Body politick, that ſwells it ſelf to the Conſumption of the whole: At firſt indeed he ferreted for the Parliament, but ſince he hath got off his Cope, he ſet up for himſelf, he lives upon the ſins of the people, and that's a good ſtanding-diſh too, he verifies the Axiom,* Iiſdem nutritur ex quibus componitur, *his diet is ſuitable to his conſtitution. I have wondered often why the plundered Country-men ſhould repair to him for ſuccour, certainly it is under the ſame notion as one whoſe pockets are pickt goes to* Mol Cut-purſe *as the predominant in that faculty.*

He out-dives a Dutch-man, gets a Noble of him that was never worth ſixpence, for the pooreſt eſcape not, but Dutch like, he will be dreyning even in the drieſt ground; he aliens a Delinquents eſtate with as little remorſe as his other Holineſſe gives away an Hereticks Kingdome, and for the truth of the delinquency, both Chapmen have as little ſhare of Infallibility. Lye is the Grand Sallad of arbitrary Government, Executor to the

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Star-Chamber, and High-Commission; for those Courts are not extinct, they survive in him like Dollars changed into single moneys. To speak the truth, he's the universall Tribunall: For since these times all causes fal to his Cognizance, as in a great infection all diseases oft turn to the Plague. It concerns our Masters the Parliament to look about them, if he proceeds at this rate, the Jack may come to swallow the Pike; as the Interest often eats out the principall. As his commands are great, so he looks for a reverence accordingly. He is very punctuall in exacting your hat, and to say right, it is his due; but by the same title, as the upper garment is the vails of the executioner. There was a time when such cattel would have hardly been taken upon suspition for men in office, unless the old Proverb were renewed, that beggers make a free Company, and those their Wardens. You may see what it is to hang together, look upon them severally, and you cannot but fumble for some thrids of charity; But oh they are Tarmagants in Conjunction! like Fidlers who are rogues when they go single, and joyned in consort, gentlemen Musitianers. I care not much if I untwist my Committee-man, and so give him the receipt of this grand Catholican. Take a State Martyr, one that for his good behaviour hath paid the excise of his ears, so suffered captivity by the Land-Piracy of Ship-money, next a Primitive freeholder, one that hates the King, because he is a Gentleman transgressing the Magna Charta *of delving* Adam. *Adde to these a mortified Bankerupt, that helps out his false Weights with some scruples of Conscience, and with his peremptory scales can doom his Prince with a* Mene tekel. *These with a new blew-stocking'd Justice lately made of a good basket-hilted Yeoman, with a short handed Clerk tack't to the Rear of him to carry the Knapsack of his understanding, together with two or three Equivocall Sirs, whose Religion like their gentility is the extract of*

their

their Acres, being therefore ſpirituall, becauſe they are earthly; not forgetting the man of the Law, whoſe corruption gives the Hogan *to the ſincere Junćto. Theſe are the ſimples of this precious Compound, a kind of Dutch hotch potch, the* Hogan Mogan *Committee-man.*

A Committee-man hath a Side-man, or rather a ſetter height, a Sequeſtrator; of whom you may ſay, as of the great Sultans horſe, Where he treads, the graſſe grows no more. He is the States Cormorant, one that fiſhes for the Publique, but feeds himſelf; the miſery is, he fiſhes without the Cormorants property, a rope to ſtrengthen the gullet, and to make him diſgorge. A Sequeſtrator! He is the Devills Nut-hook, the ſign with him is alwaies in the clutcher. Ther's more Monſters retain to him, then to all the limbs in Anatomy. 'Tis ſtrange Phyſitians do not apply him to the ſoles of the feet in a deſperate Feaver, he draws far beyond Pigeons: I hope ſome Mountebank will ſlice him, and make the Experiment. He is a Tooth-drawer once removed, here's all the difference, one applauds the Grinder, and the other the Griſt. Never till now could I verifie the Poets deſcription, that the ravenous Harpie had a humane viſage. Death it ſelf cannot quit ſcores with him; Like the Demoniack in the Goſpell, he lives among Tombs, nor is all the holy-water ſhed by Widdows and Orphans a ſufficient Exorciſm to diſpoſſeſſe him. Thus the Cat ſucks your breath, and the Fiend your blood; Nor can the brotherhood of Witchfinders, ſo ſagely inſtituted with all their terrour, wean the Familiars.

But once more to ſingle out my imboſt Committee-man, his Fate (for I know you would fain ſee an end of him) is either a whipping Audit, when he is wrung in the withers by a Committee of Examinations, and ſo the ſponge weeps out the moiſture which he ſoaked before; Or elſe he meets his paſſing peale in the clamorous mutiny of a gut-founded Garriſon; For the

Hedge-

Hedge-Sparrow will be feeding the Cuckow, till he mistakes his commons and bites off her head. Whatever 'tis, it is within his desert: for what is observed of some creatures, that at the same time they trade in productions three stories high, suckling the first, big with the second, and clicketing for the third: A Committe-man is the Counter-point, his mischief's superfetation, a certain scale of destruction; for he ruines the Father, beggers the Son, and strangles the hopes of all posterity.

FINIS.

1 AP 57